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PENTHOUSE LETT

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DESIRES**

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COME TO LIFE

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WILL PLAY

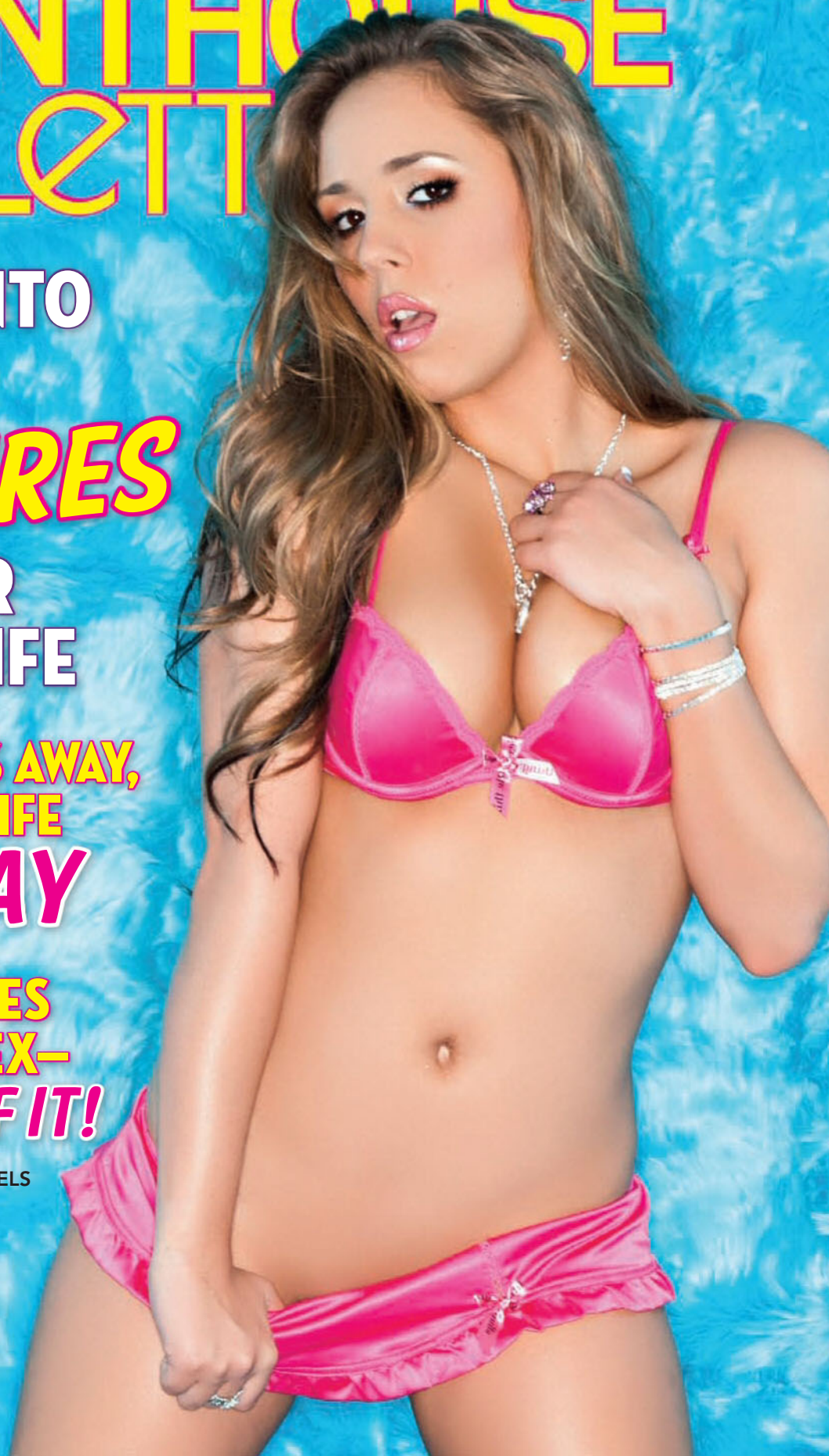
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PENTHOUSE Letters



CONTENTS

January 2016



2 SALUTATIONS

Time Flies When You're Reading *Penthouse Letters*!
There's never a dull moment inside!

4 PURSUIT & CAPTURE

It's better to be chased than to be chaste

16 OPEN SEASON

Freedom—another word for a happy marriage

32 LETTER OF THE MONTH

What Are Friends For?

A couple counted on his service

38 MY MOST UNFORGETTABLE LAY

Strip Me Naked!

Could old friends become more?

44 BOOK EXCERPT

Letters To Penthouse #53

Horny MILFs & Cougars on the Prowl

50 SOMEONE'S WATCHING

Keeping an eye on the action

64 SWINGING & SWAPPING

Pass the butter—and your wife, please

76 EROTIC PHOTOGRAPHY

She Gets Her Man

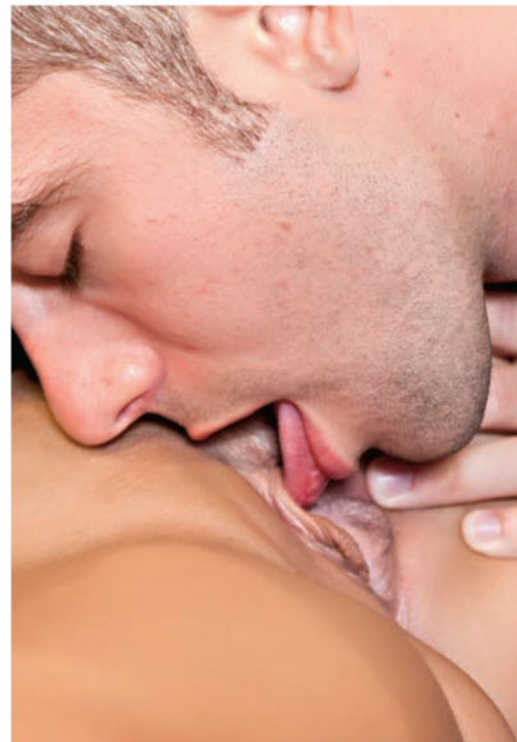
She goes after what she wants

82 SPOTLIGHT ON SUCK A WHAT?

Sometimes the great ones stand alone

92 CARNALCOPIA

A piquant potpourri with a little bit of everything



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SALUTATIONS



Time Flies When You're Reading Penthouse Letters!

Can you believe it's the start of a brand new year? Time does seem to be flying by, and soon enough we'll come out of hibernation to start our summer fun. But for now, savor the season snuggled up under the covers with this sizzling issue of *Penthouse Letters*—just the thing to get you all hot and sweaty!

There's watching, swinging, pursuing and a whole lotta sucking in this over-the-top issue, meant to thrust your new year into high gear!

(Also, be sure to check out *Variations*' January issue, already on newsstands. Talk about a *spanking* new year—it's just what naughty boys and girls need.)

In this issue of *Penthouse Letters* you'll also find a sneak peek into the next edition of the *Letters to Penthouse* series: *Horny MILFs* and *Cougars on the Prowl*. These lusty ladies know what they want and aren't shy about going after it. Get caught up in the hunt on page 44.

We think we've got your new year covered. Celebration? Check. Resolutions? Check. The sexiest, dirtiest read, right in your hands? Check. Read on!

—The Editors



LETTERS



It was a blind date, but he opened her eyes to unexpected delights

When he picked me up that Wednesday night, the first thing I noticed was how blue his eyes were, and how they went perfectly with his big white smile. We had only talked on the phone a few times, having been put in contact with each other by a mutual friend, but I was really looking forward to meeting him, since I hadn't been on a good date with a nice guy in a really long time.

The first thing he said to me was, "You're not going to get lucky tonight, so get that out of your mind right now." He then smiled broadly to show that it was a joke, and we both laughed, our nervous tension dissipating almost immediately.

As we drove to the restaurant he had chosen our conversation flowed easily, and I found myself wanting to really get to know this guy. His golfer's tan and close-cut blond hair looked great against his fresh white shirt. Every time he glanced towards me in the car, I was transfixed by his baby-blue eyes and his long curling eyelashes. Already I wanted to reach up and touch his face, and we had only known each other for five minutes.

The restaurant was good, the dinner was great and the conversation was easy. Looking across the table at him all evening, I couldn't keep myself from wondering



what he'd look like without his clothes. I could see his chest hair peeking out above the opening of his shirt, and I wanted to run my fingers through it.

At one point I asked him what he found most attractive about a woman. He listed things like confidence and intelligence, and then jokingly declared that he wasn't really a "tit man," preferring a nice set of legs. I felt this was a polite reference to my rather small

breasts, and I had to laugh, because the fact was that I was scheduled for a boob job the very next week.

"What if I told you that these will be three times bigger in two weeks?" I said to him, and we had a good laugh about that when I explained.

We laughed and talked so easily together that I didn't want the date to end. So as we finished our dessert I said, "How about hitting my favorite bar for a

few drinks? I've got an extra toothbrush and a couch at my place, so you can stay over afterwards if it gets too late." I was dying to keep him with me, and I really wanted to get him into a more intimate situation.

He seemed happy to accept the offer, and we left the restaurant and walked to the bar, which was nearby. He put his hand on the small of my back as we crossed the street, and I nearly jumped just from the sensation of his touch.

We found stools at the bar and sat down. The stools were close together, and our thighs rubbed against each other. I was getting hotter by the minute, and was hoping he felt the same. Our conversation was not particularly erotic, but I felt as though my desire to touch his skin—every part of it—was written all over my face. The heat coming from deep inside me had my chest and neck flushing pink. I kept moving around on my stool because my pussy was getting hot and moist. I felt certain I'd be leaving with an obvious wet spot at the crotch of my slacks. I was more than ready when he suggested that we head back to my apartment; and I was hoping that his opening statement about me not getting lucky would turn out to be false.

Back at the apartment I gave him a toothbrush, and while he was in the bathroom I put some sheets on the couch. Then I went into my bedroom and quickly

proceeded to undress, but I left the door open. When I heard him come out I called out to him, "Do you want to see the 'before?'" He laughed and came to the door in his boxer shorts, but his eyes widened with surprise when he saw me standing there naked, holding my small, firm A-cup breasts in my hands.

He recovered quickly, however, and moved toward me with a lustful growl. Our first kiss was perfect. He pulled me to him with a pleasing eagerness, but without haste. His rough hands felt amazing on my back as he brought his face to mine, and our mouths melted together. His aroma made me weak, and now I could taste him as well. We were soon breathing heavily, and I heard him moan softly as our kissing became more intense. His tongue met mine over and over as I reached up to grab his hair and pull him still closer.

We somehow managed to move to the bed without letting go of each other. I probably would have fainted if his strong hands hadn't held me up. When we broke the kiss he stood in front of me, his cock straining against his shorts, and I knew just what I wanted. What I needed.

I pulled his shorts down and then followed them, going to my knees in front of him to take his smooth, hard, swollen cock into my mouth. I was so hungry for it that I swallowed it all in one stroke. He tasted as

good as I'd thought he would. I began stroking him with my hands as I sucked him deeply, just wanting to taste and feel all of that lovely cock.

He slowly sat down on the bed as I continued to

"You're going to make me come if you don't watch it," I heard him say breathlessly. "But, I'm not ready for that. I really want to taste your pussy."

Slowly I took my mouth off his cock and looked up

pelvis toward him. I was just dying for him to stick those fingers inside me, not to mention his tongue.

"Man, that is one sweet, wet pussy!" he said hoarsely. I giggled and pulled his face into my



suck him, and after a minute I took his hand and put it on the back of my head, encouraging him to fuck my willing face. As he pushed to the back of my throat over and over, I could feel how swollen the lips of my pussy were getting, and I reached down to feel my own wetness. The juices were actually dripping down my legs, and the slightest brush of my fingertips over my clit sent shivers through my body.

at him. "I think my pussy would really like that," I said. Then I raised my hand to his mouth, my fingers dripping with my juices, and he moaned as he sucked them clean. That moan turned me on even more as I rose to sit on the couch, while he slid off it and knelt down between my legs.

He took a few seconds to admire my shaved pink pussy lips as he pulled them apart with his fingers. I groaned and pushed my

eager crotch. I could hear him groaning as he licked and sucked at my clit. He slid a couple of fingers into my opening and stroked my G-spot, which made me arch my body with a cry, grabbing his head and grinding my pussy against his face. His obvious enjoyment of what he was doing made me want him even more. I felt a stirring deep in my pussy, and knew I was going to come right on his face. His lips and tongue

PENTHOUSE Letters



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continued to work on my clit, and his fingers fucked me deeply as I groaned out my climax. I squeezed his head between my spasming thighs as my cunt muscles clenched around his fingers.

It felt amazing, and when I recovered I saw him looking up at me, his face glazed with my pussy juice. I pulled him toward me to lick off my juices, and felt his rock-hard cock against my thigh. I twisted my body around so that my head was down at cock level and took him into my mouth again. This time, though, my head was hanging off the edge of the bed, and he was on his knees, feeding me his entire rod.

His loud groans signaled just how turned on he was by the sight of my face taking every inch of him. One of my hands massaged his balls while the other rubbed my own juicy cunt. I could taste the precome dripping into my mouth, and I would gladly have swallowed any load he wanted to shoot down my throat. But he was still holding back.

"Damn, you are the sexiest woman I've ever seen!" he said huskily as his hand went to my crotch, pushing mine aside as he dipped his fingers into my creamy pussy. "I didn't think my cock could get this hard!"

At that point I just wanted to fuck him, plain and simple. I turned myself around again and pulled him up until he was sitting beside me on the bed. Then I climbed onto his lap and

took his cock inside me with one fell swoop.

He moaned along with me as the heat from our joined genitals spread through our bodies. I twisted my fingers through the hair on his chest and ground my clit against him, feeling his hardness fill me to bursting as no man had ever done before.

I rode him in a rhythm that had him stretching and filling my pussy again and again, and in a way that kept my clit in contact with his hard flesh. As my gyrations continued, my muscles clenched around his hardness, and the sensations were amazing. His hot wet kisses on my face and mouth kept me panting as I pumped more and more wildly up and down.

"I want to feel you come on me," he moaned into my ear. "I want to feel your sweet pussy squeezing my dick."

I felt my orgasm starting from the middle of my belly, and my breath quickened even more. I grabbed at the hair at the back of his head and threw my own head back with a groan as my pussy convulsed around his cock for what seemed like a good 10 minutes. The sweat was dripping off me as my spasms finally lessened, and it felt as though every nerve ending in my body had just burst apart, and then slowly put itself back together.

But my poor date still had a load of come that he needed to do something with. And as sated as my

pussy felt at that moment, it knew it would soon be full of his jism, and I couldn't wait. "I want you to get on top and fuck me," I told him breathlessly.

I climbed off him and lay back, and he positioned himself above me. "I'm going to come so hard," he panted as he buried his cock once again into my waiting wetness. He held my body against his with his strong arms, and I felt as though we were melting together as he pushed his cock inside me over and over, slowly and deeply. My lips found his and our tongues tangled and probed in our mouths.

"You are so tight and hot and wet!" he whispered hoarsely in my ear. I could tell by the harshness of his breathing that he was going to shoot a massive load of come deep inside me at any second. I had both hands on his ass and my legs were wrapped around his, pulling him deeper and deeper inside me, my pelvis matching his slow, deliberate thrusts. Finally he groaned loudly and tugged a handful of my hair, pulling my head back so I could look into his ecstatic face as he came, launching shot after shot into my waiting pussy.

We rolled apart then, both of us completely exhausted, and lay there panting on the couch. After a while we looked at each other and laughed.

"What are we going to do on our second date?" I said.—*N.L., Columbus, Ohio*

A whole weekend was heaven on earth for these long-time lovers

I was tossing and turning all night long, but there was no way I was going to be able to get to sleep. There was way too much excitement and anticipation building up in my head and in my heart. I was about to spend two long days and one glorious night with the man I loved and lived for. I had tingles in every part of my body at the very thought of going to



bed with André by my side, and waking up to his touch, feeling his hands, his lips and his body on mine before the sun even thought about rising.

I was still without sleep when the morning came, but nothing could erase the smile on my face that day. By nine o'clock my car was

"I had both hands on his ass and my legs were wrapped around his, pulling him deeper inside me, my pelvis matching his deliberate thrusts"

LETTERS

all packed, and I could hardly believe that I was finally on my way to this long-desired rendezvous, and to two days of what I had no doubt would be happy surprises. I knew there would be plenty of those. How he thought of the things he did to surprise me and bring a smile to my face was beyond me; it just seemed to come naturally to him.

Once I was on the road I called him to let him know I was on my way. I could hear the smile in his voice, the smile I could not wait to see, as he gave me directions to the small isolated cabin which was to be our hideaway for the next two days.

He was waiting for me outside the cabin door as I pulled up. As always, my heart leaped at the sight of him, and I felt my pussy moistening with anticipation. As I got out of the car and we embraced passionately, it was all I could do to restrain myself from pulling him down on the ground and attacking him right there.

André helped me unload my car and carry my things inside. He then put on some music on and opened up a couple of beers. I could see the way he was looking at me, right there in the kitchen, and I loved the fact that after all these years he still wanted me as badly as the first time he'd had me. As he handed me my beer he leaned in to kiss me.

I knew he was ready to

start right then and there. After all, I had been ready for days. André wanted my clothes off right away, and he proceeded to hasten that process. He knew what was under my clothes too. He knew I would be wearing a thong, and he wanted to see it without delay. We kissed again, and I felt his hands reach back to my zipper. He pulled it down slowly, inch by inch, and his hands gently tugged my blouse off my shoulders. A moment later I shivered as I felt my skirt slip slowly down my legs. Every part of my body began to tingle in reaction to something as simple as him taking off my clothes, piece by piece.

Now his hands were at the small of my back, slowly working their way down. I could feel my legs weakening, and my arms seemed to be floating. My heart was racing and my head was spinning. This man made me feel so loved, and that made me love him even more.

Everything seemed to be moving in erotic slow motion, but then suddenly I was jolted back to reality as André stepped away from me with a smile. He always loved to tease me, to tantalize me, as well as himself. As eager as he had been a minute ago, now he decided he wanted to watch me walking around in my underwear, to heighten the erotic anticipation. So all of a sudden I found myself putting away the groceries in my bra and thong.



André took out his video camera and took pictures of me as I did this. I was self-conscious, but still excited. My thong was wet and my nipples made little points in my bra as I walked around that kitchen. After a while André put down the camera and took off his clothes.

The sight of his naked body, and especially of his hard cock standing up like a flagpole, made my knees weak, and I had to sit down. André came over and stood before me. His awesome, straining, dripping cock was in front of my eyes, and my head was swimming. My mouth opened automatically to take him inside, but he leaned down to kiss me instead, his hand beneath my chin tilting my head up, his open mouth coming down onto mine. I moaned into his mouth as our tongues met, dancing, swirling, caressing each other. Then his hands were beneath my arms, lifting me up to him.

I can't remember how we got to the living room. I was in a fog, the fog he put me in every time he touched me—or even when I saw by the look on his face that he was just thinking of touching me. All I know is that I was sitting on the couch, with him sitting before me on the edge of the coffee table. Still naked. Still hard. Still awesome. And still wanting me.

He didn't stop me this time as I leaned forward and licked his stiff dripping pole, licking off the precome that was oozing from



the tip and running down the shaft. I was in heaven, and I could hear his deep breathing as he watched how I pleased myself by pleasuring him. A soft moan escaped his throat, and I moaned in turn as I took him between my lips. I felt his body become tense as I took him deeper into my mouth. I knew that if I took him into the back of my throat it would drive him wild, and he would not be able to resist fucking me at last. Sometimes it is easier for me to do this than other times, but now I was determined, and I slid off the couch onto my knees to get a better angle.

I knew damn well his wife never did this for him, that bleached blonde high-society bitch, with tits like prunes. If she ever found

“I knew that if I took him into the back of my throat it would drive him crazy, and he would not be able to resist fucking me at last”

herself with a cock in her mouth she would have a heart attack. If she ever swallowed anything bigger than a piece of asparagus she would choke to death. Sometimes I wished . . . But I put those thoughts out of my mind to concentrate on what I was doing. André's quickened breathing and his hoarse moans spurred me on, and I opened my throat as wide as my heart and took him in.

He was hunching now, fucking my throat, and I loved it. Even though I wanted him to fuck me, I was praying for him to come this way, to shoot his wonderful jism into my gullet and let me drink it down. I could always make him hard again.

Then I felt his hands at my back, struggling to unhook my bra. When he got it unfastened those hands slid beneath me and



**“God, I wanted to taste his come!
But it was not to be. He pulled
away from me, and as I looked at
him I saw the wildness in his eyes”**

cupped my breasts, squeezing them in rhythm with his cock as it fucked my mouth. I was moaning continuously around his hard flesh. God, I wanted to taste his come! But it was not to be, not now. He pulled away from me, and as I looked up at him I saw the wildness in his eyes.

The next thing I knew we were both on the couch, and his mouth was on my tits as he pulled off my thong. His tongue found each nipple in turn, and then he was sucking them, moving from one to the other, stirring things inside me I'd never quite felt before.

How could this be, after knowing him so long and so intimately? Part of it, I knew, was the fact that this time we had two whole days ahead of us, instead of a stolen hour or two. And it had only just begun.

He had my thong off now, and he pushed me back on the couch, spreading my legs to see every part of me, to taste what he loved so much to savor. His tongue danced on my pussy, his lips suckled at my clit. His eyes peered up at me from between my legs, watching my twisting face as he pleased me. He loved doing this, I knew, but he couldn't wait any more; he had to be inside me.

He moved up over me and we groaned simultaneously as he entered me. He felt so wonderful inside me, his cock filling me up, making me cry out as he moved in and out of me, slowly, just the way I liked it. Of course he would do that. He did anything and everything to please me. I could hear the sound made by the wetness between my legs as he pumped rhythmically back and forth in my squirming pussy. I didn't know how he could hold out for so long, but I could not. My body

stiffened and I screamed out as my orgasm washed over me. We were alone there, isolated, and I didn't have to be quiet now. No neighbors would complain, no hotel personnel would be coming to investigate. So I screamed out my joy to the unhearing world as I convulsed in pure delicious ecstasy.

Again I was mystified by his ability to restrain himself from releasing everything he had inside me. But I knew he would do it when he was ready. And minutes later he took me again, this time from behind. His breathing was ragged now, and I was certain that this was the way he was going to give me his jism at last; but I was wrong again. He pulled out with a grunt, turned me over onto my back and entered me again, pulling my legs over his shoulders and pressing them back until I could feel them against my breasts.

Incredibly, his cock felt even harder and longer inside me, and I could feel every inch. He raised himself slightly on his knees so that he could get more friction, his cock now rubbing against my clit with every stroke. I felt another orgasm coming on, and I didn't have to tell him because he knew. He thrust harder and harder until he came, and our shouts of fulfillment sounded together in the otherwise quiet room.

And this was just the first two hours of our two and a half days together!—*E.D., Bennington, Vermont*

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Letters

His sexy shrink said he needed stress therapy, then provided it herself

I am a general contractor and do a lot of house repair work. Several years ago I was involved in a serious accident when a roof I was working on collapsed under me. I sustained a broken leg and a fractured arm in the fall, along with many cuts and bruises. I was hospitalized for several weeks and then had to recuperate at home for a time before returning to work.

When I did go back to work I found that I had developed a terrible fear of heights, and was unable to climb ladders or do roofing work. I went to see my doctor, and he suggested that I see a psychologist who might be able to help me overcome my fears. I told him I didn't need a shrink, but he insisted I give it a go. So I called the phone number he gave me and set up an appointment.

On my arrival at the psychologist's office I was greeted by a receptionist, who asked me to fill in a long questionnaire. There were a lot of questions, ranging from my health to my sex life, and I answered them as well as I could.

After a short wait the receptionist told me that the doctor would see me now. She led me into the doctor's office and closed the door behind me.

To my surprise, the doctor turned out to be a lady! She was very tall, nearly six feet, and had deep brown

eyes and a very athletic body. I took one look at her and my cock nearly sprang out of my trousers.

The doctor introduced herself and asked me to answer some questions for her. I was mesmerized by

always bring up the sex issue at some point, and I couldn't help wondering why.

Then one day I arrived for my regular appointment to find that the receptionist wasn't there. The doctor was busy in another room,

saying that I seemed tense and should relax.

The nearness of her body behind me, and the sensation of her hands rubbing my shoulders, quickly caused my dick to get hard. She noticed the bulge in my



her beauty and could not stop looking into her eyes. The questions were pretty routine, except when she asked if I felt that the accident had affected my sex life in any way. I told her my only problem with sex was the same as it had been before the accident—that I never got enough.

The rest of the visit was uneventful, and so were the next several visits, except for the fact that she would

but she called out for me to go straight into the office and wait for her.

The visit started out normally enough, but after a few minutes the doctor told me that, having seen me several times, she had reason to be concerned about my sexual activity. With this she got up from her chair and moved around behind me. Before I knew what was happening she had started to massage my shoulders,

jeans, and calmly suggested that what I obviously needed was some stress therapy.

With that she moved around in front of me and slid my jeans down, letting loose my throbbing cock. She gasped as it sprang free, and then bent down and took my eight inches into her mouth. She sucked on the knob, twirling her warm tongue around it and probing at the hole. I nearly

dumped my come right there. I moved my hands up under her skirt to find that she had no panties on. Her cunt was so wet that I easily slipped three fingers all the way inside her. She started moving her hips and grinding herself onto my fingers, asking me to give her more. So I bunched my fingers and put them all inside, and she ground down so hard she nearly forced my whole hand up her pussy. She soon had an orgasm, her juices flowing all over my fingers, and when she finished I pulled my hand out and tasted them. The taste was delicious.

At that point I removed her top and bra, uncovering her fine round tits and a pair of erect nipples, just waiting to be sucked. Taking control now, I got up, turned her around, bent her over her desk and told her to spread her legs. I placed my fingers in her pussy again, then lubricated her butt with her juices. When she made no protest, I guided my cock to her tight little entrance and pressed gently. The doctor caught her breath, and I asked her if she wanted me to stop. She said no. She said my cock felt very erotic pressing against her anus, and that she wanted me to fill her up all the way. I took it slow, but she kept urging me to give her more, and finally I rammed myself all the way up that tight hole. She started to come and I came too, spurting what felt like a gallon of jism. It dripped out past my cock and down into

her throbbing pussy.

When I pulled out of her she reached around to feel her now stretched hole, probing it with her fingers and feeling my come inside her. Then she turned around and kissed me. Before I left she told me that in her professional opinion I needed several more treatments, and I told her I couldn't agree more.—*R.B., Wheeling, West Virginia*

They had to share a hotel room, which led to even more sharing

I had been working with Tricia for two years and had developed a kind of crush on her, because she was really hot. So when the company sent the two of us to New York to attend a seminar, I was excited. I didn't really expect anything much to develop, but you never know.

I got even more excited when it turned out that there had been some kind of mix-up with our hotel reservations. It turned out that the hotel only had one room available, so finally Tricia and I agreed to share it. As we took the elevator up to our floor, I was already getting a hard-on, just thinking about us staying together.

When we got to the room Tricia said she was going to take a shower, and I headed down to the bar to get a drink. When I got back she was wrapped in a towel and drying her hair with another. Smiling at me, she asked me in a sensual voice if I wanted to go out



"I bent her over her desk and told her to spread her legs. I placed my fingers in her pussy, then lubricated her butt with her juices"



for a nightcap. She sat down on one of the beds, with her wet legs spread apart ever so slightly.

I agreed that a nightcap would be a great idea, but first I wanted to see if I was reading her signals correctly. I went over to the bed and stood in front of her, and when she didn't move I leaned down and kissed her. Her wet lips parted eagerly, and she gasped as my open mouth covered hers. She kissed me back, our tongues entwining in her mouth. She reached for my ass and pulled me to her as we kissed passionately. The towel fell off her body and she wrapped her legs around me as we continued to make out.

After several minutes of wet, hungry kisses we broke for breath. Tricia reached for my pants and stroked me through the fabric, licking her lips and moaning as if in anticipation. I straightened up and let her unbuckle my belt and unzip my pants. She pulled them down to my knees and my huge erection popped out, almost slapping her in the face. She gasped, then smiled eagerly and stroked me with

her fingernails as she wet her lips in preparation for engulfing my bulging cock. She stroked me for a full minute in front of her face as she continued to roll her tongue across her lips. Then, with a little whimper, she sank her mouth down over my throbbing shaft.

I had often fantasized about her doing just this, but the actual act was even better than the fantasy. Her wet lips massaged the length of my shaft and her tongue worked the underside. She continued to slide her mouth up and down, her head bobbing and her moans getting louder as she sucked. I almost exploded in her mouth, but I held back, knowing that this was just the beginning.

After about 10 minutes of sucking I sensed that she was beginning to tire. I was extremely hard, and more than ready to fuck her. I picked her up from the bed and carried her over to the couch on one side of the room. I knelt in front of her, and she spread her legs and rubbed her fingers over her pussy. I watched her fingering herself for a moment, then pulled her hand away and licked her fingers, taking them into my mouth and tasting her juices. Then I pulled her legs even further apart and tasted her sweet pussy. I worked her clitoris and stuck my tongue deep inside her as she writhed in eager anticipation and begged me to fuck her.

The couch was really too narrow for comfortable

fucking, and I thought of taking her back to the bed, but we didn't get that far. She fell on top of me and we grappled there on the floor, our bodies writhing together as we kissed torridly. I finally got on top of her, and felt her legs wrapping themselves around my body. My stiff dick slid inside her like magic, and then we were humping away like two wild animals. She came twice before we settled down into a more coordinated rhythm, but she still fucked me as eagerly as ever, until I exploded into her with a loud groan.

"Damn," I said when I could speak again. "You don't know how long I've wanted to do that!"

"Then I guess it was lucky for you that our reservations got screwed up, huh?" Tricia murmured.

"Yeah," I said. "I wonder how that happened."

Tricia gave a little giggle, then leaned over and kissed me. "Silly," she said. "I was in charge of making the reservations, didn't you know?"—J.N., *Little Rock, Arkansas*

We always say it's better to be chased than to be chaste. If you've had an experience you think will turn fellow readers on (and maybe inspire them to do a little pursuing of their own!), write a letter and send it to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department PC, 20 Broad Street, 14th Floor, New York, New York 10005. Or e-mail your letter to: letters@ffn.com

"She fell on top of me and we grappled there on the floor, our bodies writhing together as we kissed torridly. I exploded into her"



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LETTERS



They played a game of strip racing, and the girls lost beautifully

My wife Dawn and I are huge NASCAR fans, as are our friends Gil and Samantha. Every Sunday during the racing season the four of us are either at their home or ours, glued to the TV as we watch our favorite drivers race against each other.

A few weeks ago, after a particularly exciting race, Gil pulled me aside and jokingly suggested that we pop an adult film in the VCR and see how the girls reacted. I shrugged and told him to go for it. The one he chose featured four guys playing poker, while their wives looked on; but instead of chips, the men were playing for their wives' clothing. Whoever won the hand got to tell another man's wife what to take off.

Surprisingly, Dawn and Samantha did not object when Gil put this flick on. In fact, by the time the first wife was completely naked in front of her husband and all their friends, they seemed to be getting more than a little turned on.

Taking advantage of their obvious excitement, Gil suggested we make some kind of bet on the races. It was Samantha, a little tipsy from the beer she'd drunk, who put the challenge to Dawn. She was so sure that her favorite driver was better than Dawn's that she proposed that any time Dawn's driver finished a race ahead of hers, that she, Samantha, would wear one less piece

of clothing as we watched the race the following week; but whenever her driver finished first, Dawn would have to do the same.

Gil and I were all for this idea. This was my chance to finally find out what Samantha looked like under her clothes. Dawn was a little reluctant, but she finally agreed. In order to keep things even, we decided that the girls would wear only three pieces of clothing to start with: a top, shorts and panties.

It was Gil and Samantha's turn to host the following Sunday, and as the race began there was more than the usual amount of excitement in the room. Dawn and Samantha were already dressed according to the rules, and there was no doubt that they were brassy. Dawn's large breasts

swayed under her T-shirt, while Samantha, whose breasts are smaller, wore a tank top that accentuated her protruding nipples.

Although the race was close, Samantha's driver nosed out Dawn's on the final lap. Gil and Samantha were all smiles as they left, knowing that next week Dawn would be wearing one less piece of clothing, adding to the excitement of the race.

As we got dressed the following Sunday, the choice of what not to wear was easy for Dawn, since when she left off her shorts, her T-shirt was long enough to conceal all but a little of her panties. Still, she was nervous as I answered the door for Gil and Samantha.

As we downed the first round of beers, Gil pointed to Dawn's long shirt and

said she was wasn't playing fair. He had expected to see her in her panties, not wearing a shirt that covered everything.

Dawn and I looked at one another. Then she kind of shrugged and lifted up the bottom of her shirt, tying it just under her tits. Her panties were high on her hips, the white silk tight across her flat stomach, emphasizing the bulge of her mound and the full bush beneath.

Dawn was a little self-conscious now, but as the race started and her driver took the early lead, she seemed to relax. Sensing that next week would be Samantha's turn, she was soon on her feet, cheering her driver on. But as luck would have it, her guy lost a tire and had to return to the pit area. As the race ended, Gil and Samantha gave



each other high fives. Next week Samantha still wouldn't have to take anything off, while Dawn would be topless.

When we arrived at Gil and Samantha's the following Sunday, Gil met us at the door. Dawn seemed fine at first, but as the time for the race approached, I sensed her rising tension. Samantha asked her if she would like to use their bedroom to get ready, and she accepted the offer.

When she returned a few minutes later, she was wearing only her panties, and it was a delicious sight. Her face was flushed, and her boobs moved enticingly with her slightly rapid breathing. For a moment there was silence, until Gil whistled and said to Samantha, "I wish you had boobs like that!"

As the race began, Dawn sat next to me with her hands covering her breasts, until Gil and Samantha started to kid her about her modesty, and she reluctantly lowered her hands. For most of the rest of the race she sat glued to her seat next to me.

This time, at long last, Dawn's driver won! This meant that next week, for the first time, Samantha would have to take something off, and Dawn, while still topless, at least wouldn't be naked.

The next Sunday Dawn's mood was different; she seemed almost impatient as she counted off the hours before our guests were due. She seemed to have lost all

her self-consciousness, and in fact she took off her top and shorts even before they arrived. I stood in the kitchen doorway and watched as she prepared some drinks and snacks, clad only in her panties. But these were not the same panties she'd worn before. This was a skimpy thong, no wider than a few inches in front, barely covering what remained of her obviously trimmed bush. The back was even narrower, exposing most of her firm ass cheeks. There was no doubt that this Sunday was going to be different from the last!

As soon as Gil and Samantha showed up, Samantha went into the bedroom and emerged a minute later without her shorts, strutting around in a brief halter top and her own thong panties.

But it was Dawn who continued to draw our stares. Whereas last week she'd done her best to hide her breasts, this week she was doing everything to show them off. They swayed freely as she moved about, her large nipples jutting out like thick pink pointers.

This time the race was decided—at least for our purposes—almost as soon as it began. Dawn's driver's car was tapped by another on the far turn and spun into the infield area. The driver was unhurt, but his race was over. Our eyes all turned to Dawn, knowing that next week at Gil's, she would be naked!

Gil and Samantha were



both waiting at the door for us the next Sunday. This was the day they had been waiting for—especially Gil.

As the drivers made final preparations for the race, Dawn said she wanted to talk to me as she got ready, and led me by the hand to Samantha's bedroom.

I figured she'd gotten cold feet, and although I was disappointed, I started to tell her that it was okay to back out if she wasn't comfortable. But Dawn put her

finger to my lips and told me to just shut up and listen, so I did.

"The first week I was topless, I was so embarrassed that I wanted to go home," Dawn began. "But last week everything changed. I was totally turned on, showing everyone my bare breasts. I loved the way neither you nor Gil, and not even Samantha, could take your eyes off them."

"When the race was over and I'd lost again, I felt as

though I had really won. I didn't say anything, because I didn't know how you would feel. But I wanted my driver to lose. I wanted to be the one naked here today. Now, if you want that too, help me undress."

She raised her arms, and I pulled her shirt over her head and off. There were only a couple of buttons to undo before her shorts slid down her long legs. As I placed my hands on her hips and slid my fingers under the elastic of her thong, she put her hands on mine, and together we pulled the garment down. I could hardly believe I had just undressed my wife in our best friend's bedroom so he and his wife could see her naked.

Dawn reached up to kiss me. There was a full-length mirror next to the armoire and we stood before it, studying her image in the glass. "You are beautiful," I whispered.

"I know," she said, smiling. "Now Gil and Samantha will know it too." She touched my hand, smiled into my eyes and murmured, "Let's go show them."

Our friends' heads turned quickly as we entered the living room. Dawn released my hand and moved to the center of the room. I had never seen her look so beautiful. She stood before us completely naked, as if for our inspection and approval.

I followed Gil's and Samantha's eyes as they fell from Dawn's face to her

breasts, tipped by her large nipples, and then to her auburn bush. She made no effort to cover herself. I could see the admiration, and in Gil's case lust, in their avid gaze. I was nearly exploding with pride, knowing this woman was mine and was putting on this show for me.

Dawn moved closer now. Standing only inches from their wide-open eyes, she placed her hands on her hips and turned completely around. She paused a couple of times as she did this, to make sure our friends had a full close-up view.

Finally Dawn broke the silence. "It's lucky the racing season is almost over," she said. "Because I have nothing left to take off!"

Everyone laughed, which released some of the sexual

tension in the room. I went over and gave Dawn a big hug and a kiss. She then sat down naked next to Gil, whose eyes were still glued to her body.

Dawn seemed to enjoy his attraction to her. Whenever Samantha offered more food or drinks, Dawn volunteered to help her, the better to display her unclothed body. When Gil wanted another beer, she brought it, bending way over as she poured so her breasts swayed only inches from his bulging eyes. When she offered him another sandwich or some chips, she stood directly in front of him, holding the plate so that the edge of it touched her bush. (At home that night, she confided that at one point, as Gil reached for the plate, his fingers had

"accidentally" brushed her mound.)

We were having such a good time that the race was almost forgotten. As it turned out, both Dawn's and Samantha's drivers were disqualified for different reasons, so there was no winner this time anyway.

We were all disappointed when it was over, as we didn't want the afternoon to end. Samantha asked Dawn if she'd stay to help clean up. Gil and I grabbed a couple of cold beers from the refrigerator while Dawn and Samantha worked in the living room.

We were standing at the kitchen counter when Dawn, still naked, came in and started on the dishes. When Gil asked where his wife was, she smiled and said, "She'll be here in a minute."



She has a surprise for you.”

“Here I am,” Samantha said from the doorway. We all turned to her and gawked. She had taken off her top and shorts, and was standing there completely naked. She looked at Gil and grinned mischievously. “I hope you’re not mad, honey,” she told him. “But when I saw how much fun Dawn was having and how much you enjoyed watching her, I was jealous. At first I thought she lost the bet, but tonight I feel like she won.”

Gil was all smiles as he hugged and kissed her. “I think we all won tonight,” he said. With that, he and I each opened another beer, then sat down and watched our naked wives clean up the kitchen.—*T.F., Passaic, New Jersey*

For a job in a sex shop the interview must be very thorough indeed

I am a married woman and the proprietor of an erotic boutique in a small town, selling sexual aids from lotions to strap-ons and all kinds of paraphernalia, kinky and otherwise. Sex sells here as well as everywhere else, and I do a pretty good business.

In fact, lately things have been going so well that I have been having a hard time keeping up with the demand, putting in long hours restocking the inventory and so forth. Finally I decided I would have to hire someone to help out. But he or she would have to be

attractive enough to fit the image of the store.

I was thinking about this one day, when a tall, bronzed, well built man walked into my store and announced that his name was Noah and he was looking for a job. This seemed strangely fortuitous, but I was so taken by his good looks and sexy aura that I didn’t give it much thought.

Barely able to speak, I handed him an application form, although I already knew I intended to hire him. “Are you qualified?” I managed to ask.

Noah smiled at me. “Lock the door,” he said, “and I’ll show you.”

I was taken aback still more by this, but hardly knowing what I was doing I found myself walking to the door and locking it. Before I could turn around, Noah was standing behind me, grinding his hips against my firm buttocks. I heard myself moaning with anticipation. As he slid back and forth against me, he moved his hands slowly up and down my legs, then glided them up toward my breasts. He then opened my blouse and took it off, revealing my lacy red bra. He proceeded to caress my body all over, making me tingle with excitement.

After a minute I felt the tip of his tongue on the back of my neck, then sliding down over the soft skin all the way to my tailbone. Unable to control myself any longer, I took his hand and led him into a back room, where there was a large table. He



reached under my skirt and slid my red satin panties down and off my legs as I hoisted myself onto it.

He pulled my legs open and bent down to lick at my inner thighs as I twitched and moaned. His tongue moved to my clit, circling around it teasingly, then began thrusting in and out of my pussy. I was gasping and running my fingers through his silky hair as I begged for more.

“Let your juices flow,” he whispered, an unnecessary

request if ever there was one. Already my fluids were trickling all over his tongue and mouth, and he sucked in as much of them as he could.

Finally Noah slid his pants down, and without a pause thrust his stiff rod into my pussy. I heard myself shouting for him to fuck me harder as he began moving in and out, and he didn’t hesitate to do so.

I was enjoying myself so much that I didn’t hear my husband Hector entering



“His thick staff stuck up rigidly, and I leaned over him and started to suck it. Hector went behind me and began to pump my ass”

the store, having unlocked the front door with his key.

After my first orgasm I told Noah to stop for a minute, then went into the storeroom and came out wearing a leather suit, with a whip in my hand. “Now,” I said to him. “This will show me how qualified you are.”

Noah looked as excited

as I was. “Okay,” he said, bending over the table and offering up his tight ass.

“Show me what you got.”

I was of course not aware that my husband was now watching all this on the security monitor in the front of the store. He told me later that he’d had no idea his wife was such a slut, and had never been so turned on in his life.

After giving Noah a light but satisfying whipping, I went back to the storeroom and came out with a bondage kit. “Your turn,” I said to him, lying down on the table on my stomach. “Tie me up.” Noah ripped my leather suit off and did as I asked, binding my hands behind me. He then got between my thighs and began fucking me slowly, gradually becoming more aggressive.

“There’s a blindfold in the bondage kit,” I told him breathlessly, and he found it and put it on me. He then rolled me over, caressing my breasts and body. I was trembling with excitement.

What I did not know was that Hector had now entered the room and was approaching me silently. I cried out in surprise as I suddenly felt another pair of hands gliding over my body. I didn’t know what was going on, but I was so stimulated and turned on that after a moment I just lay back and let it continue. I had always had a fantasy about being taken by two men at once, and now it was happening.

One of the men now knelt down and spread my legs,

licking the inside of my thighs, as Noah had done earlier. The other one was standing over me, rubbing my breasts and tweaking my nipples. I felt his lips on mine as he kissed me passionately, and I moaned into his mouth, our tongues dancing together. Then one of them picked up a dildo from a shelf and inserted it into my wet squirming pussy, pumping it in and out until I came again.

“Let me up,” I panted when I had recovered my breath, “so I can please both of you.”

They untied me and I stood up slowly and removed the blindfold. “Oh my God!” I gasped as I saw my husband grinning at me. But he didn’t seem to be angry to find that his wife was such a slut, and I wasn’t ready to stop.

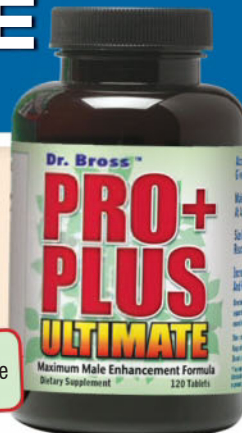
Turning to Noah, I ran my hands over his well-muscled body, then had him take my place on the table. His thick staff was sticking up rigidly, and I leaned over him and started to suck it. Hector then went behind me and began to pump my ass. All three of us were growling with excitement, until Noah exploded in my mouth, and Hector followed suit in my backside.

After a minute I got up and turned on the radio, then started to dance erotically in front of the two men. I caressed myself all over as I did so, teasing the hell out of them, and kissing each of them in turn until their cocks were up again. Hector then grabbed me

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and pulled me down on the floor on top of him, sliding his dick into my pussy. Noah got behind me, and I bent over so he could take me in the ass. The three of us ground away to the music on the radio, all of us out of our minds with lust.

After Noah came again, he got up and let himself out. I was fucking Hector so wildly that I didn't realize he had gone until we had both climaxed.

"Where's Noah?" I panted as I fell on top of my husband.

"He left," Hector said.

"But he never filled out the application," I said. "How will I contact him about the job?"

"Oh no, sweetheart," Hector said, grinning. "He's done his job. And he was well paid for it too."

My husband then explained to me how he had hired Noah to fulfill my fantasies, as well as his. He also told me that this had been just the first of many interviews we would need to conduct in order to find the right person for the job, and that he intended to supply as many candidates as necessary until we did so. We both think that this might take a very long time.—

Name and address withheld

She wanted two guys, one big one in front, one small one in back

My wife Donna really enjoys being pleased by two cocks at once, and I enjoy accommodating her. It makes her so hot she usual-

ly fucks me silly afterwards.

A few months ago Donna expressed a desire to have a skinny cock up her ass while a big slab of meat stretched her cunt. I told her I'd love to see that. Then last week, while we were

The guy smirked at me. "Look at the ass on that one!" he said, indicating Donna.

I asked if he'd like to fuck her, and he said, "Hell, yes!" I then told him that she was my wife, and he

Donna, while the big guy went to talk to his friend. I saw him pointing out my wife, and the other guy nodding eagerly.

Donna and I went over to the free-weight area in one corner of the gym, and as



working out at the gym, she pointed out a guy across the room. "That's the cock I want in my pussy," she said.

The guy was wearing tight bike shorts, the front of which showcased a mammoth bulge. I headed over toward him and started working out on the machine next to him. Donna was still across the room on the stair machine, pumping away, offering a cock-tingling view of her hard leotard-clad ass.

quickly started to apologize.

"It's okay," I said. "You see, she told me she wants that huge cock of yours in her cunt."

He stared at me. "You don't mind?" he said.

"Not at all," I said. "That's why I came over here. What she'd really like is to have a skinny dick in her ass while you pound her pussy."

The guy then said he had a friend who might be interested. I went back over to

she lay down to do some presses, the stallion came over with his pal. He then told us his name was Kurt, and his friend was Ty. Ty was slender and didn't have Kurt's massive build, but his body looked every bit as hard. He asked Donna if she needed a spotter, and she said, "Sure."

Ty took his position, and Donna said, "Perfect!" I was puzzled at first, until I saw that Ty had loose-fitting

shorts on, and she was looking right up his leg to his cock. She then reached up under his shorts and started to massage his growing member.

At that point we were the only people in that part of the gym and were pretty safe from interruptions. Telling me to keep watch, Donna then pulled Ty's cock out and started to suck it. As she did that, Kurt got between her legs and started to dry-fuck her with his growing tool. I positioned myself on one side of her, so she could stroke my cock while I kept lookout.

Ty's cock was only about five inches long and maybe an inch in diameter, but it looked like the perfect dick for her tight ass. Kurt's tool was sticking out of his pants now as he continued to hump Donna through her clothes. It must have been eight or nine inches long, and pretty close to two inches thick.

When I saw someone heading our way I warned the others. Kurt and Ty quickly put their cocks away and walked off, rather stiffly, while Donna went back to doing bench presses. As she did so she told me that those two guys were exactly what she had envisioned for her fantasy.

Afterwards we met Kurt and Ty outside the gym, and I asked them if they would be interested in going to Atlantic City with us the following weekend. They said sure.

We picked them up that Saturday around noon. They

sat in the back seat with Donna, and the three of them were soon kissing and fondling. It was a long trip, and by the time we got to the hotel all of them were really hot, and ready to do it then and there.

While the three of them took a shower, I set up the cameras and video equipment I had brought along to record the action. By the time they got out of the shower they were so eager that they got on the bed without even bothering to dry off their naked bodies.

Donna started off by sucking each guy's raging cock. After a while she got on all fours, and Kurt moved behind her and pressed his huge tool against her wet pussy. She moaned as he slid it in. Ty now eased his skinny hard-on into my wife's mouth while Kurt began to fuck her, gradually accelerating his pace as he plunged deeper and deeper, alternating between long hard strokes and short fast ones. After a while he was really pounding her, his dick buried all the way inside her, stretching her as she'd never been stretched before, while she groaned around Ty's cock buried in her throat.

Donna was soon shaking uncontrollably with the onset of orgasm. Ty held her head as he emptied his load in her mouth, and she sucked out and swallowed every drop. Kurt continued pounding her furiously, and she began to shake again, this time coming even harder. I knew that Kurt's



“She got on all fours, and Kurt moved behind her and pressed his huge tool against her wet pussy; she moaned as he slid it in”

dick was getting quite a milking from her powerful cunt muscles, which clamp down hard whenever she comes like that.

Kurt's giant slab was buried to the hilt in Donna's pussy when he finally erupted. When he finished and pulled out of her, she told Ty to lie down on his back. She positioned herself above him and slowly worked his hard-on into her ass. She then told me to eat

her pussy as she rode him. Each time Ty pumped his skinny dick up her ass, she thrust down to meet his stroke.

Watching this soon made Kurt hard again, and he joined in, fucking Donna's hungry mouth. I was eating his come as it mixed with my wife's juices in her pussy, and it tasted great! Their juices also dripped down onto Ty's cock, providing the perfect lubricant

as it slid in and out of her ass.

Donna was really hot now, and started fucking harder, until she was almost gushing. When Kurt asked me to switch places with him. I stuffed my cock in her mouth while he got between her shapely legs. Ty was jamming his dick all the way up her tight ass, and she was making wild noises around my prick.

With Kurt and Ty pounding relentlessly at my wife as she continued to suck me, I grabbed the digital camera and took some close-ups of Kurt's telephone pole impaling her pussy. I knew I was going to come soon, and when I felt my balls tighten. I pulled out of Donna's mouth and squirted my load all over her luscious tits.

The sight of me coming on my wife's boobs got Kurt off again, and he filled her pussy with another load. His eruption seemed to send Ty and Donna into climax as well. It was an incredible feeling, the four of us getting off at virtually the same time!

Ty then went to clean up, but Donna was nowhere near finished, and she quickly sucked Kurt and me back to hardness. She then straddled Kurt and began to ride his horse cock. As she leaned over to kiss him, I moved behind her and slipped my dick into her tight ass. There was even less room in there than usual, with Kurt's monster lodged in her pussy. Still, she was so well lubricated

that my dick slid fairly easily in and out.

Ty returned and quickly fed his cock to Donna's hungry mouth. When Kurt looked up and saw him face-fucking her, he exploded again. The convulsions of his huge prick inside her pussy caused me to erupt in her ass, which set her off again also. The feeling was indescribable.

As Kurt and I fell away from her, Donna took Ty's hard-on out of her mouth and told him, "It's your turn to fuck my pussy." She lay down on her back, and Ty entered her missionary-style. She wrapped her long legs around his slender waist and began to twist and buck beneath him. As Ty rode her, Kurt brought his dick to her mouth and started fucking it. I took some more pictures as Donna fucked and sucked harder, moaning more and more loudly. It wasn't long before she entered a state of almost continuous orgasmic euphoria.

The two studs serviced her in this state for about 20 more minutes before she took Kurt's cock out of her mouth and said she had to have it up her ass. Oh my God, I couldn't believe it! There was no way, I thought, that she could possibly take that giant pole of flesh up her behind.

Ty pulled out of her pussy so she could get on all fours, and Kurt moved into position behind her. She gasped sharply as he began to push into her, but to my astonishment she



managed to take him in. Slowly, inch by inch, he buried that hunk of meat deep inside her ass, and soon he was slamming away at her. Ty now placed his dick in front of her moaning mouth and she eagerly took it in.

I had to get in on the action again. Putting the camera down, I slid under my wife's body in a 69 position and began licking her clit as Kurt continued to screw her ass. Donna took her moaning mouth from Ty's dick and slid it onto mine, then alternated between us until we both came down her throat.

At that point Kurt pulled out of her and lay down on his back, and Donna mounted him in a reverse cowgirl position, taking his huge pole up her ass again and slowly sinking down on it. Then she leaned back and spread her legs, inviting Ty to fuck her pussy. She began to come almost immediately as they screwed her between them, while I took up the video camera and recorded her wild passion for our future pleasure. They must have fucked her for another hour before they were just too exhausted to continue, and we all just went to sleep.

Donna and I have another trip planned for next weekend, but this one will be a little different. Instead of Ty, Kurt is bringing along another friend who is almost as huge as he is, so my wife will have two giant studs servicing her. I can't wait to see that action!—
G.N., Tallahassee, Florida



When she saw her first black cock, she knew she had to have more

My wife Claudia was exposed to her first huge black cock several years ago, when she was working as a physical therapist. One day she unintentionally walked into an exam room occupied by a mostly naked black man of about 60, who was still in the process of putting on a hospital gown.

Startled, she excused

“Donna took her moaning mouth from Ty’s dick and slid it onto mine, then alternated between us until we both came down her throat”



herself and left the room, but not before she got a good look at his dick. Although flaccid, it was the longest and thickest cock she had ever seen. She told me much later that she couldn't get the image out of her mind, and she was unbelievably hot when we fucked that night, although I didn't yet know why.

For a while Claudia tried to duplicate this experience by seeking referrals in heavily black neighborhoods, but it was not easy, and the clients she did see were mostly elderly. Her curiosity and lust were constantly aroused, but not satisfied.

At some point I became aware that there was something troubling her, and asked her what it was. She denied it at first, but finally she owned up to the situation she found herself in. She said she hadn't told me before because she was too embarrassed, and because she was afraid I might be hurt.

The fact was that I was excited by what she'd told me. "No, honey, I'm not hurt," I told her. "And there's nothing to be embarrassed about. I've heard about

black men and their endowments, and I'm curious too. Why don't we look and see what we can find online."

Surfing the Internet, Claudia and I found many sites dealing with hung black men—gay, straight and in between. But we were especially intrigued by several sites that featured married white women advertising for black cock.

"See, babe?" I said. "You aren't the only one."

"I can't believe it," she said incredulously. "They must be phony. No husband would let his wife do that. I know you wouldn't." Then, after a pregnant pause, she asked, "Would you?"

I knew I had to be careful about how I answered, but my heart was beating harder as I said, "To tell you the truth, baby, I'd love to see you have some black lovers. I think it would be exciting."

Her response was to lay a wet kiss on me and start pulling off her clothes. Her eagerness turned me on even more, and as we fucked I urged her on, saying stuff like, "You need more than just my little white wiener, don't you? You need some thick black cock, don't you, slut baby?"

She moaned and fucked me harder, whispering, "Oh yes, I want to be a free pussy for lots of huge black studs!"

We finally climaxed together, explosively, then collapsed into sleep.

The next day I signed us on to one of those online

sites advertising for black cock, and placed a notice reading: "Married white woman, 36, educated, mother of one, seeks meetings with thick-cocked black studs." I added a detailed description of Claudia, along with a couple of pictures. The advisory material on the site stated that nude pictures tended to get more responses, so that's what I sent, with Claudia's hesitant consent.

Sure enough, we soon had an amazing number of replies, literally from coast to coast. Most of the respondents were too far away for us to meet them, but there were a number from our area as well, and after weeding out the obviously unsuitable ones we were finally most intrigued by a man named Mitch, who lived in a town not far from ours.

Mitch was about 50, and his picture showed him to be in terrific shape, with a really thick cock that reminded Claudia of that first one she had seen in the exam room.

We began to correspond with Mitch, who told us he was in the military and married, with two grown children. He said he loved white women and had been swinging for many years. He had some rules which he laid down for us. He would not wear a condom, and he always met the women he swung with alone, finding that they tended to be hotter without their husbands around. Claudia was not happy

"I can't believe it," she said. "No husband would let his wife do that. I know you wouldn't." Then, after a pause, she asked, "Would you?"



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about that, saying that she wasn't sure she could do it without me, but I reassured her. "Honey," I told her, "In time I want you to have lots of black lovers, and I'm sure we'll find others who will be more compatible. But why not let Mitch be the first? He's close by, he's experienced, and he does have that big thick black cock."

The very mention of "big

keep only the TV on, with no other lights.

"When I get there I will immediately get naked and feed Claudia my cock, so she should be on her knees, ready to receive me. I will call you when we're finished, and you can come and pick her up."

When I showed this reply to Claudia she initially acted indignant at his arrogance

the floor as soon as the door closed. He was naked underneath, except for his shoes and socks, and in the dim light Claudia could see his big dick swinging as he walked toward her. She was so carried away that she lunged slightly toward his penis as it came close to her face.

Mitch laughed at her eagerness. "Hold on there,

came as she reached for that lovely cock. Mitch let her hold on to it, but then led her to the bathroom, insisting that they take things slow.

The bathroom had a sizable shower and a Jacuzzi. Mitch took off his shoes and socks and turned on the shower, and they stepped into it. Again they kissed deeply under the flow of the

"When I get there I will immediately get naked and feed Claudia my cock, so she should be on her knees, ready to receive me"

thick black cock" got her hot again, and we again ended up fucking wildly.

I wrote Mitch that Claudia was ready to meet him, and suggested a date about a week away. In his reply, Mitch laid down some further instructions.

"Try to keep Claudia from having an orgasm for several days before we meet, so she will be good and hot," he wrote. He then mentioned the name of a motel about halfway between our homes. "Bring her there around eight o'clock. There'll be a key waiting at the desk. You can wait in your car until I arrive, then you must leave. I want her to wear her hair down, and to take off all her clothes except for a pair of thong panties. Tell her to

in issuing such orders, but I suspected that she was secretly turned on by his tone of command, and by being told so specifically what to do. And as the day of the meeting approached—a time during which, in compliance with Mitch's instructions, I refrained from fucking her—she made no further complaint.

And so, at eight o'clock on the designated day, my formerly modest wife was kneeling in just her thong in a dimly lit room, feeling a confusing mixture of apprehension and anticipation as she waited to take on her first man other than me in 15 years. It was nearly half an hour before the door opened and Mitch walked in, wearing a long leather coat, which he dropped to



baby!" he said. "What's the rush? How about a little kiss first, and then we can take a shower together."

Claudia was a little disappointed; this was not what she had expected. But she got to her feet, and the two of them went into a deep French kiss, so passionate that she felt dizzy by the time it ended. She almost

water. Claudia's head went back, her eyes closed as Mitch sucked at her nipples and fingered her between her legs.

Suddenly she became aware of new sounds, and she jumped as she felt another body brush against her. She opened her eyes to find with shock that two other large black men had



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joined them in the shower! “Claudia,” Mitch said, “this is Christian, and this is Andrew. They like white wives too.”

She was too stunned to say anything at first. Dimly, she heard Mitch telling her not to worry, as these two men were friends of his, and both perfect gentlemen. For a wild moment she wondered if I had secretly set this up—which I had not—but after her first shock the sight of three naked black bodies, not to mention three large hefty black dicks, drove all rational thought from her mind, and she was so hot that she didn’t care. Christian and Andrew were both big and muscular, and younger than Mitch, and their cocks were hard and straining. The three large bodies surrounding her didn’t leave much room in the shower, and put her in intimate contact with their fat black hard-ons.

Her first impulse was to go down to her knees and begin sucking. But Mitch stopped her, telling her to just soap up their pricks, balls and asses, and wash them off. As she did this, with all three men fondling

her all over, her body was ratcheted rapidly toward orgasm.

By the time they got out of the shower and dried off, Claudia was nearly crazed with lust and begging to be fucked. Mitch smiled at her, saying, “Why don’t you tongue our assholes first, Claudia? After all, that’s something that all white wives in need of black dick should be able to do. Will you do that for us, Claudia?”

Claudia moaned. “Yes,” she heard herself saying. “Yes, I will.”

“Good girl,” Mitch said. “Does your husband ever have you do that?”

“No,” she mumbled, and Mitch seemed pleased.

“Good,” he said. “Be sure to tell him about it later.”

Christian then crouched up on the bed and offered his backside to her, and without another word my wife proceeded to lick out his ass. As she did that Andrew stood by the bed with his cock close to her face, stroking it slowly. From time to time she pulled her mouth from Christian to suck on Andrew’s massive tool. She felt her body convulsing as she sucked cock and ate ass, and she cried out in climax as Andrew shot all over the side of her face.

Mitch laughed and lay down on the bed, pulling Claudia down on top of him. He wiped the come off her face, then slid his thick slab into her drenched pussy. Claudia actually saw stars as she rode his dick hard.

Christian then moved around to stick his cock in her face, and she eagerly took it in her mouth, moaning around it as she sucked him and fucked Mitch at the same time.

Mitch now asked Andrew to take some photos with a camera he’d brought, “so we can show her husband just what kind of woman he married.” Talk like this made my wife moan louder and hump harder. Soon Mitch came, and after that the guys serial-fucked her for a good long time, bringing her off again and again, until they were completely fucked out.

Mitch finally called me to come and pick up my wife, but by the time I got there the guys were gone. I was kind of upset when Claudia informed me that the date had turned into a foursome, but when she started telling me all the details I got so hot that I could only wish to hell I’d been there. But I consoled myself by thinking that there would be plenty of opportunities in the future for me to watch my wife being screwed out of her mind by big black dicks, singly, in pairs or in groups. And as it turned out, I was right.—*D.R., Chicago, Illinois*

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LETTER OF THE MONTH

What Are Friends For?

How could he and his wife live with themselves if they didn't help their dear friends in their time of sexual need?

I'm a 40-year-old guy who's been happily married for 15 years to a passionate, loving woman. On a Thursday two weeks ago, I came home from work and found Eileen waiting for me with a serious look. She gave me a kiss more passionate than her usual "welcome home" kiss, then told me that Garrett and Lindsay were stopping by after dinner to discuss something with me. When I asked her what it was about, she said she would let Garrett explain everything.

Garrett and I have been best friends since high school. We were best man at each other's wedding, and our wives are extremely close, almost like sisters. Though Eileen and I never had children, we're godparents to their son, and we always vacationed, camped and did everything else together.

But for the past two years Garrett and Lindsay have had a rough time, since he was diagnosed with lymphoma. He underwent numerous chemotherapy treatments, and that, along

with the meds he was taking with the treatments, left him with a weak heart.

Garrett and Lindsay arrived shortly after eight, and we greeted them with our usual hugs. I noticed that the girls held each other a little longer than normal. Lindsay, a very shapely brunette about five feet seven, 120 pounds, looked really nice in a blue skirt that was several inches above her knees and a white sweater that hugged her full, round breasts. She had a large handbag with her which she put down next to the door after we hugged.

After everyone settled in the family room with drinks in hand, Garrett—while holding Lindsay's hand—came right to the point. He reminded me that his treatments had weakened his heart to where it was functioning at less than half strength. Then he confided that even if his heart was stronger, another side effect of the treatment was that he no longer could get an erection, and therefore he and Lindsay hadn't been able to

have sex for over two years.

When he said that, my heart went out to both of them. Garrett said that Lindsay had had to resort to using her dildo and a vibrator for sexual release, and he felt she deserved more than that. He said he loved his wife so much that he wanted her to be sexually satisfied. He paused for a moment, then continued, looking me in the eye. "Lindsay and I have discussed this for a long, long time, and she talked it over with Eileen this morning, and she found Eileen more than okay with our idea. I want you to sleep with Lindsay whenever she feels the need for sex."

I sat there stunned. First I looked at Lindsay, who was sitting nervously gripping Garrett's hand. Then I looked at Eileen, who had a smile on her face and was nodding her head gently in agreement. I said to Eileen, "And you're really okay with something like this?"

She continued nodding her head and replied that Lindsay had confided in her

a couple of months ago about Garrett's sexual dysfunction, and her closeness to Lindsay made her want to help in any way possible. Then, when they talked this morning about Lindsay looking outside her marriage for sexual release, she made the offer of my services. By doing this, she said, Lindsay wouldn't have to go out to bars and risk hooking up with some guy who was dangerous or had a sexually transmitted disease. She wanted Lindsay safe, and therefore I was the logical solution.

Eileen added, "I know you love me, and under these circumstances I have no problem with you helping Garrett and Lindsay out by pleasuring her." She took Lindsay's hand in one of her hands and mine in the other and squeezed firmly as she added, "I want you to do this for as long as Lindsay needs it. Do it for us as well as for them."

I stared at my wife for the longest of moments, then looked at Garrett and Lindsay. She sat anxiously hold-



LETTER OF THE MONTH

ing his hand, and for a second I thought of all the times I had fantasized about having her body but never made a pass for fear of ruining both our friendship and my marriage.

When I said yes, Lindsay burst into tears and came over and hugged me tightly, then did the same to my wife, while repeatedly thanking us. After Lindsay was done hugging us, Garrett stood up and shook my hand. "I know I can trust you," he said, "and I'm so grateful to you and Eileen for agreeing to this."

I replied that I would always remember that Lindsay was his wife.

Then Eileen gave me a smoldering kiss and said, "Thank you, honey. Why don't you go take a good shower? I told Lindsay the two of you could start tonight if you wanted to. While you're doing that, she'll get ready for you. Then take as long as it takes to satisfy her needs and give her the fucking she needs after all this time, the fucking we all want for her. Just take your time with her, because your big cock is more than she's ever had. Garrett and I will watch a movie or two in the family room so we won't be disturbing you."

She gave me an open-mouth kiss, and I headed to the master bathroom. I showered and shaved, and when I came out of the shower, I found that Eileen had placed a pair of red satin briefs that she always liked me wearing on the vanity. When I entered the bedroom, I saw



that there were lit candles around the room. The room was filled with the scent of Lindsay's perfume.

Lindsay was sitting on the edge of our king-size bed wearing a tight, see-through red chemise with black trim. It barely covered her fine ass, and the sheer red thong she had on under it disappeared in her labia. Her firm, round breasts were exposed through the see-through material, and that gave me an erection that was as hard as steel. She looked stunning! Over the years I had often pictured her naked, but this was even better than anything I had imagined.

As I walked over to her, she stood up, and I took her in my arms. Then, for the first time in over 15 years, I was kissing a woman other than my wife. It started as a

"I had fantasized about having Lindsay but never made a pass for fear of ruining our friendship and my marriage"

nice open-mouth kiss and quickly became the most passionate kiss I had ever had. It was obvious that Lindsay was hungry for sex, and I wanted to pleasure her until she was sated. She moaned as our tongues duelled back and forth in each other's mouth and I ran my hands up and down her wonderful body.

When we broke the kiss, Lindsay took my hand and led me over to the bed. She crawled to the middle of the bed and lay down on her side, and I lay down next to her, then kissed her again.

When she felt my erection pressing against her, she began humping her mound eagerly against it. She moaned as we continued kissing, and we repeated the kiss several times, with her continuing to hump my hard-on, until she exploded with a sustained shriek. She shook and shook for the longest time, and while she did, she pulled my ass tight to her, so she could really feel my throbbing erection against her mound.

Once she came down from her orgasm we resumed kissing, and our

hands roamed freely over each other. Lindsay's body was amazing. Her breasts were as exquisite to the touch as I had fantasized. And when I reached for her pussy, she began to hump wildly against my hand, and as I slid two fingers in, she whimpered, "Oh God, I need this so badly," and pushed me onto my back.

Lindsay's right hand grasped my thick shaft, which caused it to pulse, which brought forth another moan from her. "Oh God, it feels so good to have a real cock throbbing in my hand. Eileen wasn't kidding when she told me you had a really beautiful one." Then she whimpered, "God, I need to be fucked so badly."

We kissed again, and I felt her urgency in that kiss. After that there was no more foreplay. With me on my back, Lindsay swung her leg over me, while maintaining her grip on my cock. As her long hair cascaded down, she reached back to guide my cock to her drenched opening. Then, as my tip split her labia, she pushed down a little so that the head was inside her. That brought forth a guttural moan from her, and she lowered her chest to mine, pressing her tits to me.

"Oh fuck, Chris," she gasped, "it feels so good! I haven't had a cock in me in over two years."

She pushed herself down slowly on my shaft, stopping when she had about half of it inside her. Her breathing was very rapid, and she kept on gasping "Oh God!" Her

pussy clenched around my shaft so hard, I had to really concentrate so as not to come too soon. All of a sudden she let out a scream and her body began to shake wildly. Man, did this woman need release! I was glad she had chosen me to be the beneficiary.

Once Lindsay calmed down, she pushed down until my cock was buried in her. Then she started riding it slowly. I started thrusting upward, aiming to meet her every thrust with one of my own. I cupped her breasts

and pinched her bullet-like nipples. She was moaning like crazy, and her thrusts became more urgent. She pleaded with me to pinch her nipples harder!

Maybe a minute after that Lindsay cried out, "I'm going to come again! Keep pinching my nipples!" I did, and just seconds later she began wailing as she came again, just as intensely as before. Her body shook as if she was having a seizure. When she finally calmed down, we kissed several times while my cock was still

inside her. Finally it slipped out of her, but she remained on top of me—her body covered in perspiration—and we kissed several more times. "Thank you, thank you, thank you for doing this," she purred.

After a couple of minutes, Lindsay rolled onto her side and we cuddled for a while. She ran her fingers lightly through my chest hairs. After about ten minutes she said she wanted to make love again. She grasped my slippery semi-hard cock, then slowly slid herself down



LETTER OF THE MONTH



until her mouth was next to it. I felt a couple of warm breaths of air on it, and then her mouth engulfed about two-thirds of it.

She started sucking me. My cock got completely hard very quickly thanks to her remarkably skillful technique. She would take as much of my cock down her throat as possible, then back off until she was sucking mostly my peehole. It felt like she was sucking my balls up through my cock—and I didn't want her to ever

stop! I wanted her to swallow my load, yes, but at the same time I wanted to hold off coming so I could fuck her again and she would be sexually satisfied.

I pulled her up to my face, and we kissed again. As we kissed, I tasted some of my semen mixed with her juices. I told her that I loved her blowjob but that this was my night to pleasure her, and being 40, I had to pace myself. She smiled and asked what I wanted to do. I said I wanted to make love

to her doggie-style. She said, "I'd love that. Garrett and I used to do it that way all the time."

Lindsay rolled onto her elbows and knees, wiggled her tight ass at me and purred, "Enter me, Chris!" I got behind her and saw her inflamed labia glistening with our juices. I moved forward and pushed my cock slowly into her hot, tight love tunnel, and she let out a groan as I slid in her. When I started thrusting slowly into her, she became wildly aroused and told me my cock was hitting her G-spot. "Oh God, that feels good!" she gasped. "Please, keep on doing exactly what you're doing. It'll make me come really strong."

I continued thrusting, and Lindsay began moaning almost nonstop. Pretty soon she started ramming her ass back against me on every thrust, and her moans turned to grunts. "Oh yes, yes, yes!" she kept panting. I felt her pussy clenching around my shaft, and a couple of minutes later she exploded with a scream that I was sure Eileen and Garrett could hear at the other end of the house. I held still as her body trembled violently. Then I leaned forward and cupped her firm B-cup breasts and pinched the shit out of her nipples.

Once Lindsay settled down a little, I resumed making love to her. Over most of the next half-hour or so she was on the verge of orgasm and was shouting up a storm. When I told her I was going to come, she

pleaded for me to squirt deep inside her so she would have come inside her all night long to make her feel like a fulfilled woman once again. I gave several more thrusts with my balls nearing their release, and then I pushed all the way in and spewed my load. While I was coming, I felt Lindsay's hand working rapidly on her clit, and then she came again.

We collapsed with my cock still buried deep inside her. After a while we rolled onto our sides and settled in for some delicious spooning. I took advantage of the opportunity to massage her magnificent breasts. Eventually my erection returned, and I whispered in her ear, "Would you like another one?"

She replied with a barely audible moan, "God, yes! Give it to me!"

I had her roll on her back and lift her right leg high in the air, and I moved my cock to her opening and slipped in her wet pussy from her side. While she continued holding her leg high in the air, I began thrusting. Soon she began to moan, saying that the angle I was going into her felt really good. While I fucked her this way, I kept squeezing her right breast and gently twisting the nipple. We lasted about five minutes before we both came again. Then we spooned some more, until she said it was time to go.

We got dressed, and she wrapped her arms around my neck and gave me an-

other kiss. I told her that the next time we got together I wanted to eat her pussy and pleasure her that way as well. She purred, "Oh yes, I'd like that a lot. Garrett eats me, but tonight I really wanted to be fucked, and you sure did that."

We walked out to the family room and found Garrett and Eileen sitting on the couch holding hands. When Eileen got up, Lindsay rushed to her and gave her a big hug while tearfully thanking her over and over for letting me make love to

I want to reward you for being so good."

I laughed and said I was the one who should be rewarding her for offering my services.

Eileen took on a serious look and said, "Garrett's going through hell, not being able to pleasure his wife. He says he can take care of her orally, but that's it, and he knows she needs a cock every so often. He told me he wants this to go on if I'm okay with it, and I told I am. I have to confess that we kissed several times

and held each other while we listened to the two of you making love. I also let him feel me up quite a bit, in hopes that that might cause his cock to come alive, but it never responded."

I told her I was okay with her letting Garrett do whatever he could with her, since they were letting Lindsay and me make love. Then I took her to bed, and we made love for quite a while, during which she had me tell her what Lindsay and I had done. Then she told me exactly what she had let Garrett do to her. These revelations got us really fired up, and we made love like a couple of teenagers. Eileen couldn't get enough detail about what Lindsay and I had done, and what I had promised for the next time she came over.

She came back a couple of weeks later, saying she didn't think she could go more than that without being fucked. She surprised me by having her pussy shaved totally bare. She said she had done it because Eileen told her that I like eating a shaved pussy. I kept my promise and ate her delicious pussy twice, each time until she came.

After Lindsay left, I had a romantic evening of love-making with my wife, so she wouldn't feel slighted, and again I told her everything Lindsay and I had done to each other. Eileen said that the next time Lindsay came over with Garrett, she was going to let him eat her pussy so that he wouldn't feel left out. I replied that I was all for it.—*Name and address withheld*

"I whispered in her ear, 'Would you like another one?' She replied with a barely audible moan, 'God, yes! Give it to me!'"

her. Eileen, who had also started to cry, asked, "Did he satisfy you?"

Lindsay nodded and said, "Oh God, yes!"

Garrett took my hand and thanked me. I told him no thanks were necessary, that the last thing I wanted was for his wife to be hurt by some stranger.

Then we all hugged, and Lindsay took Garrett's hand in hers and said, "I love you, dear, and I'll always be yours. I wish it had been you inside me, but we know that can't happen anymore."

Then they left.

Eileen came to me and said with a smirk, "Garrett and I could hear the two of you a couple of times. I'm glad you satisfied her. Now



A woman with dark hair and closed eyes is lying on her back on a light-colored couch. She is wearing a gold watch on her left wrist and a gold necklace with a circular pendant. Her left hand is resting on her hip, and her right arm is bent with her hand near her head. She is wearing a light-colored, lace-trimmed garment around her waist. The background includes a black and white checkered pillow and a patterned curtain.

MY MOST *Unforgettable* LAY

Strip Me



Naked!

Going back to their days in the Navy together, they were always trusted friends. Now, all these years later, could they be something more?

Sally and I met when we were in the Navy. She was attached to a helicopter squadron across the hangar from mine. Her boyfriend (later fiancé and husband) Brian was in my squadron, and we both rode Harley-Davidsons. Eventually we—along with a number of others who rode—became like one happy family. I remember a morning after my squadron had just returned from a seven-month aircraft-carrier deployment when Sally rushed over to our space in the hangar, excited because she'd just bought her own Harley. I gave her a big hug and said we'd all have to go for a ride that weekend.

Fast-forward a number of years, when all of us had left the Navy and gotten married. In fact, I was already divorced. One night Sally called me in tears. She had found out through the jungle grapevine that Brian, who had become a police officer, was having an affair with his female partner—and with a couple of other women as well. I consoled her as best I could over the phone, and said we should go for a cruise on our bikes that weekend.

Saturday we hit the road all day, stopping at several bars, and ended up back at my house after dark. I fixed us dinner, and after we ate we settled in at the oak bar in my family room. I got a little concerned at how hard Sally was hitting the Captain Morgan's-and-Coke. Later, sitting on the couch talking, she asked me what was wrong with her. She couldn't understand why her husband had cheated on her.

I told her it seems to be a cop thing, this "wandering-dick syndrome." I've known a number of cops and sheriff's deputies, and it seems like a lot of women are just drawn to the uniform, plus there are a lot of women who are only too happy to suck a cop's dick to get out of a ticket. I pointed out, though, that that stuff has a way of coming back to bite you in the ass.

Sally started playing huggy-kissy-face with me, and I didn't mind. I always thought she was beautiful. As well as a very nice body, she had a great smile and a funny laugh. We were making out big-time, rubbing each other all over. I was rubbing her ass through her jeans, and her hard nipples were poking out from under her tank top and she was rubbing her crotch on my leg. While she had her tongue shoved down my throat, she started rubbing my dick through my jeans. Her hand went up and down the length of it several times, and I noticed her eyes getting real big and



her face taking on a startled expression.

All of a sudden Sally sat straight up and took two or three deep breaths. When she didn't say anything for a couple of seconds, I asked her if she was all right. Thinking maybe the alcohol had gotten to her, I asked her if she

from my dick and kissed my way down across her stomach.

I laid Sally on my bed and rubbed her pussy through her panties. She moaned and whimpered. I grasped the waistband of her panties and pulled them off. I sucked her toes (she has really

utes, and I rubbed her hard nipples some more. When we broke our kiss, she said, "I've never tasted my pussy on a man's lips." I said, "I'm sure you'll taste it again before you leave tomorrow." She replied, "Promise," and I said, "Yes, my dear."

Sally turned directions and started sucking my dick. After sucking the head and licking up and down the shaft for about ten minutes, she said, "I don't think I can suck the whole thing, but I'll try." Though she could only get about two-thirds of my eight inches in her mouth, she did a hell of a job.

I lifted her right leg and set to licking her pussy again, and she started moaning. When I stuck my tongue in her asshole again, she squealed really loud. She turned around, with her head on the pillow, and kissed me, shoving her tongue in my mouth. She licked my lips, then said, "I never knew my pussy tasted that good."

Settling back, Sally said, "I need to feel your beautiful dick in my pussy. But go easy at first. I've never had one that big in me."

I got on my knees between her legs, and she raised her knees to her chest and spread herself. She reached down and grabbed my dick and stroked it while guiding the head to her hole. She rubbed the head up and down her drooling pussy. I'd never been with a woman who got that wet. Finally she

"I asked Sally if she was all right. She said she wanted me to 'take me to your bed, strip me naked, lick my pussy and fuck me with your beautiful dick'"

wanted a ride home. She stood up, took my left hand and said she wanted me, in her words, to "take me to your bed, strip me naked, lick my pussy and fuck me with your beautiful dick."

I took her to my room, stripped off her jeans, tank top, and boots and socks, and kissed her from her lips to her neck and ears to the Hershey's Kiss nipples of her gorgeous 34B breasts. (I could suck nipples like that forever.) She moaned and purred like a kitten, even more when I rubbed her neck and back.

Meanwhile, she had unfastened my Levis and pushed them down. As they fell to my ankles, she fished my dick out of my briefs and started stroking it. She said it was the most beautiful dick she had ever seen. I pulled her hand

sexy feet), then kissed my way up her leg to her pussy mound, then did the same with her other leg. I licked all around her pussy for a while, until she pleaded that she needed to feel my tongue in her pussy and on her clit. I obliged, licking up the juices that were flowing from her cunt.

She squealed when I tongued her asshole. She said her husband never did that—and, for that matter, Brian wasn't much of a pussy eater. I licked her clit and pussy long enough to bring her to a climax so strong, I thought she was going to pull half my hair out and crush my head with her legs.

I lay down on my side next to her, and while she was still trying to breathe normally, she started stroking my dick. We kissed passionately for several min-

utes, and I stuck the head at her opening and kind of slid onto it until the head was completely inside her. I waited a couple of seconds, then slid a few more inches in her. She pulled my head to her and really kissed me, then whispered, "Give me more."

I slid another couple of inches in, waited 15 to 20 seconds and started thrusting slowly in and out of her. Her pussy felt like a warm, slick sheath stroking my dick. It felt like heaven, and I never wanted it to end.

After about ten minutes, Sally said, "I want to feel that thing inside me." So I shoved the rest in and held it there, grinding myself against her pussy until she started shouting, "Fuck me! Fuck me hard!"

I started pounding her, fast and hard,

and she clawed at my back while humping back at me. She reached between us and rubbed my balls. I said, "If you keep doing that, I'm going to come," and she said, "That's the idea."

While Sally moaned and shouted that she was going to come, I started shooting inside her, like I'd never come before, for a good half-minute. Then she went off like a rocket. I leaned on my elbows and kissed her for several minutes with my semi-hard dick still inside her. When it slipped out, I rolled onto my side and we both lay there catching our breath.

Sally exclaimed, "My God, it feels like a river of jizz is running out of my snatch and down across my asshole."

I chuckled and said, "It's all you, darlin'. I've never come like that with any other woman."

She told me her husband's idea of sex was to kiss a couple of times, rub her breasts for about half a minute, rub her pussy for a couple of minutes, then climb on and fuck her for maybe five minutes—until he came, "dribbling a sorry dribble of come before rolling over and falling asleep." She said she wondered if that's how he fucked his girlfriends. As for herself, she said, she'd taken to getting out of bed, grabbing a dildo or vibrator from her drawer and taking them to another room, where she fingered and fucked herself till she came, sometimes more than once.

As we lay there, Sally started rubbing my dick, then stroked it hard. She said, "I'd really like for you to lick my pussy again, but—" She broke off.

"But what?" I said.

She said, "It's kind of messy."

"So?" I said. "That's my come, after all." I told her to straddle my face while she sucked my dick, and I licked her pussy clean and had her purring.

Suddenly she sat up and declared, "I've got to ride your dick." She turned around, scooted back and guided the head of my dick to her opening. When she had slid down my pole, she got a contented look, and stayed like that for several minutes, rotating her hips slowly. "That thing feels so wonderful inside me," she said. "Better than my dildo or vibrator. If I had known you have a dick like this, I would have been on you a long time ago."

This led Sally to ask why I had never made a pass or hit on her—unlike a lot of other of our friends. I said, "You know my rules. I don't mess with married women, or do anything to anybody that I wouldn't want them to do to me."

She was still sitting on my dick, and I was rubbing her breasts. She got a

glassy-eyed look, and leaned forward and asked me to suck her nipples while she humped her cunt up and down on my dick. She shouted for me to suck her nipples, really hard. When I did, her pussy started gushing, especially when I rubbed her asshole with my middle finger. She came big-time, thrashing around, pumping her pussy on my dick.

I told her I was close to coming. She said to wait, that she wanted to taste her pussy on my dick, and my come. She slid off my dick, leaned over, took the head in her mouth and started stroking and sucking really hard, until I started blasting in her mouth. I got light-headed, and it honestly felt like my nuts were going to come out the end of my dick.

When I came back to normal, Sally asked if I was okay. I said I was, but I'd never come like that before. "Really?" she said "Even with your ex?"

"Hell no," I said, and she said, "The

two of you always seemed so good together. I can tell you now, I was jealous. What the hell happened?"

I explained that while we were still in the Navy, my ex thought it was okay to sleep with half the Third Fleet while I was on deployment, and I wasn't going to play that game—and I never did cheat on her. The final straw was when I found out she was on my Harley with another guy, a Seabee.

Sally slid up next to me and gave me the kind of kiss that stirred my dick. I could taste her pussy and my come on her lips and tongue. I wrapped an arm around her and rubbed her back and her amazing ass. She had fallen asleep, so I pulled the top sheet over us and went to sleep too. Hell, it was four in the morning!

I woke up about half past eight, and while Sally was still sleeping, I hit the shower and got cleaned up, then threw on a T-shirt and a pair of old khaki shorts from my Navy days. I went to the kitchen



and made a pot of coffee, then sat down with the Sunday paper.

About an hour later I heard the shower running. After a while Sally came in the kitchen wearing nothing but one of my long-sleeve shirts, fastened with one button in the middle. She grabbed my cup of coffee (with Irish cream in it), took it with her to the window and drank half of it down. I walked up behind her, placed my hands on her shoulders and asked how she felt, remembering how much she'd "sailed with the Captain" the night before. She said she actually felt pretty good.

Then I asked her the big question, how she felt about what had happened last night. She took my hand and stuck it under the shirt, on her right breast,

and at the same time moved my other hand to her crotch, then pushed her ass back against my crotch. She said, "I have no guilty feelings. I'm glad it happened. You've always treated me decently." Then, reaching back and fondling my dick through my shorts, she said, "How about treating me to some more of this?"

While I rubbed Sally's hard nipples under the shirt, my other hand went to work on her vaginal lips, and I kissed her neck. Groaning, she turned around and wrapped her arms around my neck and her legs around my hips. Looking me in the eyes, she smiled and said, "Do me now!"

I carried her to the kitchen table and set her down, kissing her all the while.

As I undid the shirt, she undid my shorts and pushed them down. I laid her on the table, then kissed my way down her body, stopping to tongue her navel and her sexy navel ring, which made her giggle. I continued down to her vagina, then paused to sit down on a chair to prepare for really going at her clit and pussy.

After a couple of minutes, I tried something I read about once in your magazine. I slid my index and middle fingers in her vagina and felt around the upper side with my fingertips until I felt a rough, washboard area—her G-spot. With my free hand I put pressure on her pubic mound, directly over my fingers. Now, while I continued to rub my fingers inside her, I started licking her clit. She groaned and started to shout, while bucking her hips up and down. As she started coming, I popped the thumb of my right hand in and out of her asshole. Her ass came up about a foot off the table, and she let out a wail. When her ass dropped back to the table, I felt her vaginal muscles squeezing my fingers.

For a couple of minutes, Sally just lay there gasping for breath. Finally she said weakly, "What did you do to me? I've never felt anything like that. I thought I was going to either pass out or end up in heaven."

I helped her sit up on the edge of the table. She asked me to get her some more coffee, then went in the family room and sat on the couch. I followed her in and sat next to her. She drank several swigs of coffee, then threw her left leg over my legs, straddling me, and laid her head on my left shoulder. As she lay against me, purring, I rubbed her back and ass cheeks.

We must have sat like that, silently, for 20 minutes, until my left shoulder started feeling wet. I looked and saw tears rolling down Sally's cheek. I asked if I'd hurt her, concerned that maybe I'd gotten too rough with her on the kitchen table. She said no, it was just that this was the best she'd felt, especially about herself, in years. She leaned back and looked at me, then asked, "Where the hell did you learn to do whatever the hell you did to me?"

I said, "Would you believe I read about it in *Penthouse Letters*?" I took the fingers of her right hand and had her stack them up in her vagina and feel for her G-spot. Finally she said she felt the spot. I took those fingers in my mouth and sucked her juices off. When I took them out of my mouth, she gave me a deep tongue kiss, then exclaimed, "My pussy does taste good!"



I asked if she wanted to go somewhere and have brunch. She said no, she had to get home to do some work on her computer for work so she would be ready the next day. She said right now she wanted my magnificent (her word) dick in her again, because she wanted to go home with a pussy full of my jizz so she could feel it leaking out of her the rest of the day.

Sally rubbed her wet pussy lips on my semi-hard dick for a couple of minutes, then slid off my lap and onto the floor on her knees. She grabbed my shaft and started licking it. She took the head in her mouth and slurped on it and sucked it. After a couple of minutes I started getting that tingling feeling and began humping my dick upward.

All of a sudden she stopped sucking, raised her head to look at me and said emphatically, "Don't you dare! You know perfectly well where I want this load." I was shocked that she was so forceful. She was squeezing my dick real hard so I wouldn't come.

Sally crawled up, reached behind her and guided my dickhead to her opening. After she got the head in, she pushed back powerfully, driving my whole shaft in her. She started rotating and rolling her hips, exclaiming, "That feels wonderful!" She humped up and down on me.

After a couple of minutes I figured out that she was trying to get my dick-



"For a couple of minutes, Sally lay gasping for breath. Finally she said, 'What did you do to me? I thought I was going to either pass out or end up in heaven'"

head to rub her G-spot. So I leaned on the arm of the couch to give her more working room. She finally got herself situated the way she wanted, and started humping me like tomorrow wasn't going to happen.

Then she really surprised me. She pushed my T-shirt up and started rubbing, pulling and licking my nipples. I'd never had a woman do that to me. Certainly not my ex. It made me even hotter and more excited.

Sally's eyes got real wide, and a short while later she said she was on the verge of coming, then added, "Do that thing to my ass with your finger!" So I took the middle finger of my right hand and popped her asshole with the fingertip. She squealed and moaned, then started shaking real hard. At the same time

she sucked my right nipple hard, and bit it lightly. I started blasting come in her cunt—it felt like a quart.

As we lay there getting our wind, I felt her vagina pulse, squeeze and release my dick. We lay there with her on top of me and my dick still in her, kissing softly for half an hour. Finally she said, "Fuck, I could stay like this for the rest of the day, but I've really got to get my ass home and get to work." Then she asked me if I'd go get her clothes from my bedroom.

When I got back, I cracked up. Sally was lying on the couch with her legs in the air, holding her vagina shut with her left hand. I said "What the fuck?" and started laughing. She slid her black hip-hugger panties on and pulled them up tight against her pussy. Then she pulled

her jeans on, sat up and pulled her tank top on. While she finished dressing, she said, "I told you I was going home with a load of your jizz in me!"

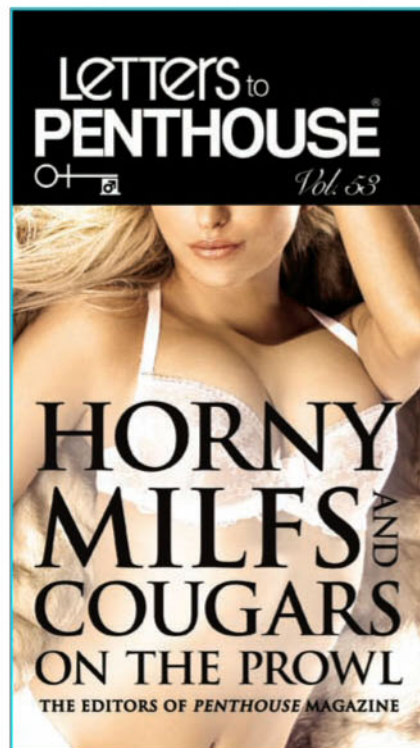
I opened the garage door and helped Sally get her Harley out. While it was warming up and she was putting her riding gear on, she said, "Why didn't we do this years ago? If I'd known you fucked like that, we could have been doing it in the hangar back when we were in the Navy." As she was leaving, she added, "Yours is the only dick I've had in me since I first hooked up with Brian. I definitely want it again."

Do I have to spell it out that Sally got her wish? We've been fuckbuddies ever since. Wait till I tell you about our bike trip to Las Vegas for the bowling tournament!—*Name and address withheld*

BOOK EXCERPT

Her Friend Came to Stay...

AND THE BOYS FOLLOWED



What's a woman to do when her bastard of a husband is cheating on her? This cougar bags her prey

When my friend Gwen discovered her husband Sid screwing his 20-year-old secretary, she called me to ask if she could come and stay with us for a few days. Gwen's past wasn't all that pure, as she had strayed a few times herself, but when she found Sid hosing the young woman in her own marriage bed she sort of lost it, and she packed up a few things and got the hell out of there.

I met her at the airport the next morning, and we spent most of the day sipping wine and talking things over. Late that afternoon we went to meet my husband Walt at his favorite bar after he got off work. We found him drinking with Cam, the son of some friends of

ours, who was working with Walt to earn some extra money while home from college for the summer.

Gwen ended up sitting next to Cam, and they appeared to get along pretty well. Gwen's mood seemed greatly improved by the time we dropped Cam off and went back to our house. Walt made us a drink while Gwen and I changed into our robes. After chatting over our nightcaps, Walt and I were ready for bed, but Gwen said she would stay up awhile and watch TV till she felt sleepy.

In our room Walt and I talked a little about Gwen's problem, and he said she probably just needed to get laid so she could go back to her husband, having evened the score. Once in bed Walt started to get frisky, and I accused him of having the hots for Gwen, adding half-jokingly that perhaps he should go and comfort her, if he thought he could handle her.

Gwen had given birth twice, which had left her with a generous, though not unattractive figure, with large round breasts and very good legs. She stood five feet six and weighed about 140. Her pretty face was framed by her flowing blonde locks, and accented by a beautiful smile. We had been friends since we were toddlers, and the fact is that I really wouldn't have minded sharing my husband with her in this time of need.

Walt slipped beneath the sheet to nuzzle the furry nest between my legs, which I spread immediately, giving him access to the musky folds between them. He kissed and licked my inner thighs as his nose pressed into my moistening cleft. I lubricate quickly, so by the time his lips reached their goal my juices were flowing freely. Walt eats pussy better than any man I've ever had, and after munching on mine for nearly 25 years he knew all the hot spots.

After bringing me to three orgasms in a row, he mounted me to gently slip his trusty seven-inch cock into its rightful place. My pussy had received that meaty injection thousands of times, but it had never become repetitive or boring, since both of us are always doing things to spice up our sex life.

As he fucked me Walt now reverted to the subject of Gwen. "Actually, I wouldn't mind knocking off a piece of that ass," he panted into my ear. "But I doubt if it would be nearly as good as the hot cunt I've got my cock inside



right now. Maybe I'll give it a shot before she leaves, but think she's already got a date tonight."

This surprised me. "What do you mean?" I asked him.

He then told me that he had overheard Gwen telling Cam to come to our house later on, and wait till she flashed the porch light three times, which meant she would be waiting at the door. "Either that young man is going to get himself some mature pussy tonight," Walt added, "or I don't know much about women."

He then proceeded to fuck my brains out, pushing my knees up nearly to my ears to get as deep as he possibly could. He screwed me that way for 10 minutes before asking me to get on my hands and knees, which I did. After another six or seven minutes his eruption set me off again as my clasp-ing cunt milked every drop of come out of his spurting cock.

We cuddled after that, and Walt soon drifted off to sleep as I lay there thinking about my friend's troubled marriage.

The longer I lay there the more curious I became about what Walt had told me. My imaginings finally got the best of me, and I found myself creeping out of the bedroom to peer through the balcony railing down into the living room. Cam was there all right; he and Gwen were lying together on a comforter on the floor, she still in her robe and he fully clothed. Cam appeared to be a little shy and nervous, but Gwen wasn't; she seemed to know exactly what she wanted. As I watched she rose to her knees and straddled him, sitting astride his midsection to press her large breasts against his chest as she bent down to kiss him. He responded eagerly, and her robe was soon gone, leaving her in black panties and a bra, which struggled to contain her bulging mounds of soft flesh. In another minute the bra was gone too, and I could hear Cam making little sounds of pleasure in his throat as he rolled her onto her back and buried his face in her bosom.

No man is ever truly weaned from his desire to nurse at a woman's breast,

and I was pretty sure Cam had never before encountered such luscious mounds of joy. He suckled at them almost feverishly as though trying to extract the milk that was no longer there. Finally, though, he appeared to become aware that there was more to this woman's body than her chest, and he slipped his hand down to caress her scantily clad ass as she managed to tug off his shirt and pants. I couldn't help noticing the sizeable tent in the front of his jockey shorts, and it was obvious that Gwen hadn't missed it either. She quickly pulled the shorts down until the tent pole popped out above the waistband. She wiggled out from under him then, and his eyes nearly popped out of his head when she lowered her mouth slowly down over his impressive manhood.

Gwen had definitely picked a good candidate to help her even the score with Sid. Even from my vantage point I could tell that his cock was larger than my husband's, measuring probably close to nine inches. It was thick too; Gwen wasn't able to take more than



half of it into her mouth, because its tremendous girth made it impossible for her to deep-throat it. Still, she gave him her best. I could hear the wet sloppy sounds of her salivating mouth working on his throbbing cock, even above his muffled moans. Suddenly he arched his back and groaned more loudly as he shot his load into her throat. She drank it down as though it were the sweetest nectar on earth as she milked him of every drop with her talented hands, then licked the last traces from his slowly shrinking shaft.

Cam recovered quickly and sat up as Gwen now removed her panties to reveal her heavy blonde bush. Cam just stared at her pussy as she pulled

The next night Gwen again stayed up after we went to bed, and when Walt was asleep I again snuck out to peek downstairs. Sure enough, Gwen was entertaining Cam again; but much to my surprise, another young man was there also, standing buck naked with a hard-on, watching them fuck while obviously waiting his turn. Again I was hot as hell when I went back to bed, though I felt a bit guilty for invading their privacy.

The next morning Gwen came clean to me. She told me she'd had Cam over the past two nights, and had had sex with him on both occasions. Then, after a pause, she admitted that he had brought a friend along the previous

behind me, and who now immediately embraced me, kissing me fully on the mouth. In spite of my earlier reservations I began to respond to his passionate kiss as his hands slipped down to cup the cheeks of my ass, pulling me against his fully erect cock. Moments later he picked me up like a rag doll, sitting me on the counter and sliding his hands up my thighs to lightly tickle the dampening crotch of my panties as he sucked my tongue into his mouth.

I finally twisted away, saying, "My God, Cam, just what the hell do you think you're doing? I'm a married woman, and old enough to be your mother. Your parents are friends of ours."

She was still gasping for breath when Cam mounted her and slowly penetrated her slippery sheath. He was moving like a jackhammer

her knees up, and then opened them invitingly. I saw a glimmer of her pink lips among her curls, and heard her ask him to eat her. I could feel my own pussy juice trickling down my thighs as I watched Cam eagerly complying with her request. He devoured her snatch for a good 10 minutes, bringing her to several shattering orgasms.

She was still gasping for breath when Cam mounted her and slowly penetrated her slippery sheath. He paused for a few moments, and then began thrusting slowly but steadily, gradually increasing his pace until he was moving like a jackhammer. They fucked for about five minutes before Cam went stiff as a board, pumping his load deep into her receptive womb.

Again it didn't take him long to recover, and then he took her, this time with Gwen on top, her huge jugs bouncing up and down as she humped her lover's hard cock. When she came he rolled her over to take her doggie-style, fucking her like a true stud until he unloaded again. After that I slipped quietly back to bed, waking up my husband so he could quench the raging fire between my legs.

night, and had taken on both of them. She wanted to know what I thought about that, and all I could say was, "Good for you, girl. I'd probably do the same thing, given the opportunity!"

Well, I guess Gwen took my words literally. The next day Walt was unexpectedly called out of town on business, and unbeknownst to me, Gwen called Cam and invited him to come around that evening—and bring some more of his friends.

When the doorbell rang shortly after eight that night I went to answer it, not expecting anybody in particular. Needless to say I was a bit shocked to find Cam and four of his buddies on my doorstep. I called to Gwen, telling her she had company, and quickly excused myself, saying I had things to do upstairs. But Gwen asked me to stay for a while and at least have a drink with them, so I did. We had a pleasant chat, but I couldn't imagine having sex with five guys at once, in an all-out orgy with my friend Gwen. So after I finished my drink I went to the kitchen to rinse out my glass before going upstairs.

When I turned from the sink I literally bumped into Cam, who had come up

"Yes, I know all those things," Cam said. "But I also know you have screwed around on your husband before. I watched you have sex with my friend Casey one night last year, when my folks were having a party. I went upstairs and found you and him screwing on my bed. I watched it all. I never told anybody and I never will. But why can't I get what he got?"

I remembered that night, and I found myself blushing at the memory. But it turned me on as well. That is, it added to the excitement that had already been aroused by the sight of all those handsome young men, and by what I had seen Gwen doing the previous two nights. And since my husband was away, I knew I wasn't going to get any relief from him that night.

So I didn't put up any further resistance as Cam snaked a long finger inside the crotch of my panties to probe my wet folds. In fact I found myself reaching for his fly, tingling with the desire to see his very sizeable prick up close. But then I heard voices from the other room, and quickly pushed his hands away.

"Wait, not here, Cam," I said urgent-



ly. "Come up to my room. But just you, okay? Gwen can screw whomever she wants, but I don't do strangers. And you're not to tell anybody about this, because if my husband finds out I don't think you'd like the consequences. Okay?"

Cam swore he wouldn't say a word, and I didn't know if I believed him or not, but at that point I couldn't worry about it. I led him through the back door of the kitchen and up the back stairs to our bedroom.

Once there we didn't waste any time, stripping ourselves to our underwear and falling onto the bed, kissing passionately as we began to explore each other's body. He soon had me buck-naked and was devouring my pussy. I wiggled around until I could pay oral homage to his long thick cock, which looked even bigger close up than it had from a distance. He was too large for me to comfortably take much of him in my mouth, but I must have been doing pretty good with what I had, because I had to stop twice when he was close to blowing his wad. I wanted to feel that thick cock throbbing in my snatch when he blew out his first load.

I let his dick slip from my lips, as my need to be fucked grew still more intense. I was on the verge of begging

him to take me when he brought his mouth to mine, kissing me most passionately and thrusting his tongue deep into my mouth.

"Grace," he panted when he broke the kiss, "I think you have the best ass of any woman I've ever known, and if it's okay with you I'd like our first time to be doggie-style, so I can look at your beautiful ass while I fuck you."

I immediately assumed the position, presenting my ass for his viewing pleasure, spreading my knees so that my pouting cunt was positioned just right to receive an injection of hard young cock.

I felt him position his swollen cock-head against my dripping slit, searching for my entrance, then slowly ease his cock inside me until it was buried completely within my wanton cunt. With a moan of pleasure I pushed my ass back at him, and he began to hump me furiously, slamming his loins against my upturned buttocks, his heavy balls swinging against my clit like a perfect pendulum.

I love the raw animalistic lust of being fucked like a bitch dog in heat, and I never fail to reach orgasm if I'm fucked that way for any length of time. Cam had amazing control, and he brought me off twice before gasping out that he was going to come. Once

he did so he remained where he was, soaking his cock in our combined body fluids until it softened and slithered out, releasing a stream of come to trickle down my thighs.

That wasn't the end of it though. It was four in the morning before we were fucked out, and I could only imagine what Gwen had been doing. Cam finally left and took his friends with him, but not before asking if we could get together again that night. I told him no, because my husband would be home, but I gave him my number at the office, telling him to tell my receptionist he was calling about doing yard work. He said that wouldn't be a lie, because he really wanted another chance to tend to my bush.

I went back to bed and slept until Gwen woke me up about eight to thank me for everything I'd done for her. She said her four studs had fucked some sense into her, and she'd called Sid, who'd told her he'd fired his secretary and wanted her to come home. She had let him beg a little before saying she'd give it a try, and she made him swear that he would be faithful from now on.

"After all, fidelity is really important, right?" she said to me, and we both fell down laughing.—*G.Y., Flagstaff, Arizona*



*Spreading
Holiday
Joy!*

*Drink
Sexy!*

LETTERS



What would happen if she opened herself to her darkest desires?

I'm a 21-year-old college senior, and anyone who knows me will tell you how awkward and shy I am when the subject of sex comes up—what a prim, proper prude I am. Everyone, that is, except my best friend, Julie.

From the day we met as college freshmen, Julie could tell when I was lying. At first the thought of someone being able to almost read my thoughts was unsettling, but as we got to know each other, I began to relax and enjoy that there was someone I could confide in.

This bond became even stronger the day Julie came in my dorm room and caught me squatting on the floor over a porn magazine while plunging a carrot-like dildo in and out of my beaver. I froze. She stared for a bit, then giggled as drops of love juice trickled out of my sopping twat, down the length of the 'carrot', and fell on a picture of a gorgeous red-head sucking on some stud's balls. The sound of the droplets hitting the paper seemed incredibly loud. I swear, I could have died!

But over the days that followed, the embarrassment of that moment gave way to relief. At first I couldn't even look at Julie, but she assured me she wouldn't tell anyone, and said she thought it was cool that I played with myself while looking at porn.

Julie was way more open about her sexuality, and as time passed we talked more

and more about our desires and fantasies. Eventually I confided my nastiest, most perverse thoughts, and she did likewise. When I finally had a boyfriend I was screwing from time to time, Julie was the only person I told.

Richie was a lot like me—not too adventurous sexually, at least when it came to actually doing anything. Our sex was straight-arrow and kind of boring. Of course I could never tell him what I really wanted.

Occasionally Julie suggested we live out some of our fantasies, but I couldn't do it. Then in our senior year, just last month, she decided she would throw me a blow-out of a birthday party for my 21st. She invited a bunch of girls, some I knew and some I didn't—a fun-loving bunch, like her, the way I wanted to be. But I couldn't let myself go with them! Not even when a super-hot stripper arrived and started doing his routine for us.

Trent was a lean, brown-eyed hunk with a thick crop of wavy dark hair on his gorgeous head. He was funny too, making the girls laugh. But no one laughed when Julie turned on some hot dance music and Trent began ripping off his clothes, revealing his tight, well-muscled physique. Screams rang out as he danced, stripping down to skimpy briefs that displayed most of his shaved ass and a delicious bulge in front.

Presumably prompted by Julie, Trent focused his attention on me. I pretended to just tolerate this display. What

I actually wanted to do with him would have shocked the hell out of every girl there—except Julie, of course. As Trent waved his crotch in my face I began getting wet, except my mouth, which was parched, so I got up to get some water. (I wasn't drinking alcohol that night. I was just too keyed up.)

I watched from a safe distance as Trent turned his attention to more eager girls. Some had trouble keeping their hands to themselves, and his bulge grew a little bigger. I couldn't help imagining what it would be like to let myself go and have my way with this gorgeously proportioned hunk.





But the best I could do was watch as Trent continued entertaining the guests. Those horny bitches were stuffing his stretched shorts with bills, and as they got bolder, I grew more and more frustrated, wishing I could be part of the action.

And then, somehow, I was! You'll probably think I was drunk, and I even kind of felt like I was, but as I said, I hadn't drunk a drop of alcohol! All I can say is that there must have been something about the time and place that night, maybe something about turning 21 and having led such a sheltered life. Somehow it all freed me to do what I had always wanted to do, to live out some of my most uninhibited fantasies.

Maybe too there was a

lurking exhibitionist in me, because it was about the time I heard somebody say that some other somebody was filming the proceedings that I remember getting up the courage to make the leap from spectator to participant. I actually got up and mugged shamelessly for the camera, flashing my boobs! Once I started, it was like a dam had burst—I just let myself go.

The action kind of blurred together, but at the time I knew what I was doing, with people I trusted and wanted. When it was over, I was only sorry I didn't remember all the details. But as you'll see, that problem would soon be taken care of.

After I crawled into bed, exhausted, the next thing I remember was waking up

and my bleary eyes falling on a little package on my bedside table with my name in Julie's handwriting. Inside was a jewel case with a DVD; on it was written "Connie's Birthday Bash."

My heart pounded as I slid the DVD in and turned on the TV, then went back to the bed to watch, propping the pillows behind me for comfort. The first thing I saw was me flashing my boobs at the camera. Then I was gone, and there was Julie in close-up, naked, kneeling on the floor, talking to the camera. Next to her face was a semi-erect dick. From the rippling abs above it, I recognized hunky Trent.

My genitals twinged. As the camera pulled back, I saw that there was nobody else there, so this was much

later, after all the other girls had gone home.

Julie was going on about how much she and her best friend love dicks. Then she said, "Connie, don't be shy. Come here and join us for some fun." And I knew what I was going to see next: me, crawling on my hands and knees, stark naked, flashing a wicked grin.

Just as I remembered, Julie and I started kissing. I ran my fingers through her short, spiky hair, and she cupped my firm breasts. Her tongue darted in and out of my mouth—and then I was French-kissing my best friend! And I have to say, we looked really hot. It was an incredible turn-on.

Then I broke the kisses to beckon to Trent, and he started rubbing his half-hard

schlong over our faces. We smiled, then started kissing and licking his pole, which sprang the rest of the way to life, jutting out toward the camera. God, it was big! I thought my boyfriend Richie had a big one, but this was something else, fat and long, with a big mushroom head.

"Oh yeah, baby," I was

making love to Trent with our mouths. Now, sitting on my bed watching, I looked in my big blue eyes as I slobbered all over that candy cane.

As Julie pulled back from it, a string of saliva stretched from the tip to her glistening lips. "You want some, sweetheart?" she said, grasping Trent's throbbing shaft and

nipples were like tiny rocks.

While Julie's head bobbed steadily up and down Trent's big dick, I sucked on one of his big balls. He groaned. As I watched, I slid my hand in my jeans and stroked my pussy. I was breathing hard. I needed to come soon.

I knew there was something about the scene I was forgetting, but I couldn't put my finger on it. So I just enjoyed the ongoing action. Trent and Julie had me on my back, with my legs sticking up. He licked and sucked my hard nipples, and she headed south to chew on my cunt. God, it was hot watching my best friend eat me out as if it was her tastiest meal ever! My head was whipping around, my long hair flowing through the air.

"Oh God, ah!" I cried as Julie's tongue licked up and down my slit, stopping occasionally to flick at my clit. I opened my mouth to cry out, and that's when Trent repositioned himself so his pulsing manhood was pointed at my mouth like a missile. I remembered moaning "God, yes!" before taking it in, and at the same time reaching around and grabbing his tight ass. He pistoned in and out of my mouth. I loved it!

While I watched, my hand was kneading my clit between my fingers. The tension was mounting, and I knew I would explode before long. I tried to go slower, to make it last while I watched more of the DVD.

Now Trent pulled his wet dick out of my mouth and went back to playing with my tits, nibbling and tug-

ging on the swollen nipples. Then he kissed down my belly, through the patch of pubic hair above my cunt, and started licking my clit.

Julie still had her tongue in my dripping twat, and as the camera shifted to a new position, I saw her middle finger sliding in and out of my asshole. The camera pulled back for a long shot, and I went into convulsions. With my toes curling and my hips rocking up and down, I screamed!

As my climax subsided, Trent wasted no time in flipping me over and pulling me onto my knees. Then he rubbed the underside of his dick over my ass crack. I was startled by the look of pure lust on my face! It was obvious I couldn't wait to get that salami inside me! And I gasped as Trent grabbed my hips and eased the head of it in me. I cried out, "It feels so fucking good!"

Julie got on her hands and knees in front of me and started kissing all over my face. Our lips met and our tongues explored each other. All this time a low moan was coming out of me. It turned into cries of pleasure as Trent inched his way in my stretched twat. Finally, he was all the way in, and my cries of pleasure were deafening.

He rammed his pole in as far as he could, then started fucking me. There was nothing gentle about it, which I remembered suiting me fine! With each stroke he pulled out almost completely, then plunged back in, screwing me like there was no tomor-



murmuring. And then I was running my tongue up and down that veiny shaft, and Julie was doing the same on her side. Together we coated Trent's dick with saliva so it was slick and shiny, and twitched at every touch of our lips and tongues.

As the camera moved around to get different angles, Julie opened wide and took the dickhead into her mouth, while I kept licking the shaft. The camera was looking down at us, and we showed off the way we were

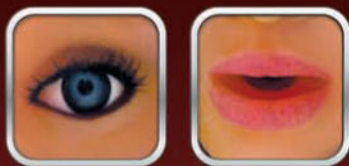
pointing it at my face. "You have to ask?" I said before sucking in as much of it as I could. Julie kept stroking the part I couldn't fit in.

We took turns swallowing Trent's dick. We were cheek to cheek, almost fighting over it. While Julie massaged and squeezed his balls, I maintained a grip on his pole. Then I was sliding down under his dick and nibbling at his ball sac. Now, watching myself on-screen, I unzipped my pants and found my pussy dripping wet. My

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row. Each lunge was accompanied by a grunt from him and a yelp from me.

The camera was moving around, getting all different angles as Trent battered my hole. Julie turned so her ass was in my face. She pressed her dripping snatch back toward my mouth, and I lapped up her juices. Trent was pounding my fuckhole harder than ever, grunting and groaning, and I eagerly pushed back against him in rhythm with his strokes. On the brink of climax. I pulled away from Julie's snatch, looked back at Trent and shrieked, "I'm coming! Your dick feels so fucking good!"

My tingling pussy must have milked Trent's pole as I came, because he started coming too. His tight butt

me panting as Trent stroked himself and squirted a few last streams of come on my ass. Some flowed into my crack and over my asshole.

As the camera pulled back again, I saw that Julie had Trent's shrinking dick in her mouth, cleaning it off with her lips and tongue. After finishing, she turned to the camera, smiled and said lewdly, "Are you watching this, Connie?"

I hadn't heard that at the time! So Julie was thinking of me watching the video! Somehow as I watched that made me hotter than ever! I really wanted to come now, but I remembered what she did next and wanted to see it. Sure enough, she knelt behind me and started to slurp Trent's sticky cream

to be seen. Julie and I were lying on the floor kissing. Her dark nipples stood at attention as I ran my fingers over her pert little tits.

The camera moved in a circle, catching tantalizing glimpses of our glistening

cunts, then moved in for a close-up of Julie's slit. Then an off-camera voice said, "Spread your legs, baby."

My heart skipped a beat as I remembered what I had forgotten: the person behind the camera. It was my

"Julie was thinking of me watching the video! That made me hotter than ever! I wanted to come, but I remembered what she did next!"

clenched, and his head rocked back and forth along with his hips, which were pumping like a piston. His hands dug even harder into my fleshy ass.

"Oh Christ, yeah! Oh shit!" Trent exclaimed as he pulled his pulsing rod out of my sticky beaver. A second later, globs of cream shot from his churning dick onto my backside. The camera moved in for a close-up of

from my butt! Once she'd licked my butt and thighs clean, she spread my ass cheeks, stuck her tongue in my asshole and licked it out as fully as she could.

I was moaning both in the video and on my bed watching, where my fingers were drenched with my juices and my mind wandered for a bit while I pleased myself. When I next looked at the TV, Trent was nowhere



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in his mouth and flicked it with his tongue, with Julie moving around us getting hot shots of every moment.

"She's ready," I heard Julie say while I rode Trent's dick. He grabbed my hips to stop me from moving. He reached up and spread my ass cheeks apart, to reveal my tight butthole. Julie came in for a close-up as a tongue, obviously Richie's, came into the picture licking at the hole. While Trent continued to drive his pole in and out of my sopping pussy, Richie probed at my anus, making it glisten with his saliva. In the video I was practically screaming with ecstasy, and now as I watched this unbelievable scene, I could hear myself panting!

Abruptly, Richie stopped feasting on my ass and moved upward until his head was out of sight and his erect seven-incher was poised right outside my hot hole. Sitting there on my bed watching, I leaned forward tensely, to make sure I didn't miss my "straight arrow" boyfriend fuck me in the ass while the super-hunky stripper fucked my cunt!

Richie spent the next ten minutes working his dick in my tight backside, while I gasped and moaned. From behind the camera Julie was saying things like: "Yeah, fuck that ass, Richie! Screw her good, guys! Don't let up! This is what she wants!"

And she was right. It was what I'd always wanted.

After a while Richie was moving fairly easily in my rectum, fucking my ass with gusto, and Trent was pump-

boyfriend Richie! I had been shocked to see him, and now I was startled again to see that he must have handed the camera off to Trent, in order to get in on the action! I watched him kneel between Julie's legs and happily eat her out so that she cooed! Then I joined him between her thighs and tasted her nectar.

It was the hottest thing I ever saw! Richie put his hands beneath Julie's ass and lifted slightly, exposing her little rosebud anus. While his tongue explored it, mine probed her fuckhole. We

licked and sucked for ages, enjoying every moment, at last causing her to come violently. Richie and I kissed while she recovered.

Now Trent wanted back in on the action. He handed the camera to Julie, and he and Richie started kissing me all over and playing with my body. I was in heaven! This was a fantasy of mine—two hunks at the same time. Trent sat on the couch and beckoned to me, and I straddled his lap and impaled myself on his boner.

Julie came in for a close-up of my cunt gripping that

pole like a vise and then of me sliding up and down on it, steadying myself with my hands on Trent's shoulders. I brought my feet up on the couch so that I was squatting on his dick.

I remembered Julie exclaiming, "That's a pretty big carrot you've got stuffed up your crotch, Connie," and as I watched I laughed again at our inside joke. On-screen, my laughter turned to moans and groans as I bounced round and round and up and down on Trent's rod. I gasped as he thrust up at me. He took a nipple



NEXT ISSUE



ON SALE NOW

ing away at my pussy in a contrapuntal rhythm. The two men fucking my holes at the same time brought shrieks of joy and delight from my gasping mouth.

Julie moved the camera in again to get a shot of the

this ended the way I remembered it ending.

Sure enough, Julie's voice came again from behind the camera. "Okay, guys, pull out now and come in her face. That's how she wants it, isn't that right, Connie?"

of Trent's. I fell to my knees with them standing over me, their twitching, glistening dicks just inches from my mouth. While they jerked on their big slabs, I waited patiently, my mouth open wide for my reward.

Watching now on my bed, I rubbed my clit hard, planning to come at just the moment when those gorgeous boys exploded all over my face. I was moaning with anticipation, both on-screen and in reality, when all of a sudden the door to my room opened and I saw Julie standing there!

She smiled as she saw what I was doing—saw the DVD playing on the TV and the state I was in. After my initial shock, I couldn't help smiling back. And I couldn't help thinking back to the time she walked in on me masturbating. But this was different. And it was about to end very differently!

Julie closed the door behind her, and as she walked toward the bed, she whispered, "I see you found my present. I knew there was a reason why I skipped class today." Then she fell to her knees. I scooted forward on the bed, and she helped me take my pants off. She pulled my soaking panties to the side, freeing my aching pussy. Her head disappeared between my thighs, and I sighed as I turned my attention back to the TV.

Those thick, veiny dicks were erupting! Richie and Trent grunted and groaned as stream after stream of come shot on my hair, eyes, nose, lips and chin. Several

blasts landed right on my tongue—and I swallowed that jism eagerly. Luscious dick juice trickled down my face and onto my boobs. I wiped some off and licked it off my fingers.

Finally the guys brought their shrinking, dripping dicks to my mouth. Moaning, I sucked first one and then the other clean. As I watched from my bed, Julie was sucking my clit and fingering my twat. My ass and legs were shaking, and my whole body stiffened as I exploded in orgasm.

Since that night I've begun to think I don't have to hide my desires anymore!
—C.L., *Little Rock, Arkansas*

Her sexual rebirth was played out in front of him in a genuine orgy

It was about eight o'clock at night, and I was sitting in our bedroom reading. Because I was leaving on a business trip the next day and had an early-morning flight, I was planning to go to bed early. Joyce, my wife of 22 years, was taking a shower and getting ready to go out for the evening.

I wondered what her plans actually were for the night. Until two years ago, about six months before her 40th birthday, our lives had been nicely stable. We were as much in love with each other as when we met 20 years before. Joyce was still quite good-looking. She was maybe 10 or 15 pounds heavier, but she carried the weight well.

As she approached 40,



"Those dicks looked so hot, with the balls swinging back and forth as they probed my insides, fucking me in that beautiful steady rhythm"

boys' dicks sliding in and out of me. They looked so hot, with the balls swinging back and forth as they poked and probed my insides, fucking me in that beautiful steady rhythm. Both guys were close to coming, and as I watched, I held my breath, wondering if

Of course it was right. Julie knew because I'd told her so when we talked about our most intimate fantasies. And now she had made it all come true!

I watched as Richie pulled his throbbing dick out of my behind, then helped me slide myself off

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however, Joyce began to feel she should exercise and watch her weight. She got herself a personal trainer and changed her diet. By her birthday she had lost 15 pounds and toned her body dramatically. At five feet four, she weighed 110 pounds; she had great legs and seductive curves. She also dyed her hair blonde. She was altogether quite striking, and looked more like 30 than 40.

She looked ravishing at

her birthday party, attended by most of our friends and family. She wore a short, discreetly low-cut party dress, and everyone commented on her youthful appearance. Afterwards she told me that a few of our male friends, who'd maybe had a bit too much to drink, had made inappropriate sexual comments while dancing with her. She said she had ignored them but couldn't ignore the fact that their erections were pressed

against her. When I asked how that made her feel, she said, "Horny." We then had some of the best sex we'd had for a long time.

In the two years since then, Joyce had changed a great deal. She became very sexual almost all the time. When I was home, not a night went by when she didn't want to have sex. She did things now that she had rarely if ever done before. She got quite proficient at using her mouth to get me hard, and we now had anal sex as well. While she had always been orgasmic, now her orgasms were especially strong, and she was hooked on coming multiple times.

Her style of dress also changed dramatically. Most of the time she now wore revealing and provocative clothes—short or slitted skirts and dresses, or tight pants or jeans cut low on her hips, with an assortment of low-cut and see-through tops. She favored lacy, frilly lingerie, including demi-bras and thongs or bikini panties. Even at work she tended to wear short skirts and low-cut tops. In the evening, when she went out with her friends, almost anything went.

Over the past year, especially in the last few months, Joyce developed a new group of friends. Most of them were women in their 30s and early 40s she met at the gym. They went one or two evenings a week to different bars and dance clubs. They liked to compete to see who could be the biggest exhibitionist or attract the most attention.

So there I was, as I was saying, sitting in our bedroom, when Joyce came out of the bathroom naked. Still naked, she went to the dressing table to apply eyeliner, mascara and ruby-red lipstick, then powdered her body, dabbed some perfume on her neck and also down at her crotch, and combed her mod-cut hair.

She told me she'd recently bought a leather skirt and top that were more revealing than anything else in her closet, and she planned to wear them tonight, as she and her friend Nancy were going to a fetish club they had heard about which was supposed to be a real trip. She must have seen something in my face, for she added quickly that I didn't have to worry, because she wouldn't do anything she hadn't done already. Since I wasn't sure just what she had in fact done, this wasn't especially comforting.

From her closet Joyce took out a short black leather skirt, the front and back of which were held together by parallel straps of leather. It wasn't the kind of skirt one wore with panties, and she didn't bother with them. Then she put on what was essentially a black leather bra with crisscrossed straps which barely covered her nipples. She was showing plenty of skin!

From her dresser she took out a pair of thigh-high fish-net stockings and sat down to put them on. As she sat, the skirt crept up and, when she spread her legs to put the stockings on, revealed

her pussy. Three-inch patent-leather heels completed this outfit.

I couldn't help getting a huge erection as I looked at Joyce. She smiled and said, "I see you like it. I bet Nancy's not going to be able to match this!"

There was a car horn outside. Joyce gave me a quick kiss and turned to go. I asked, "Who's out there?"

"A friend of Nancy's," she replied. "He's picking me up. I've got to go. I'll see you when you get back from your trip, okay?" And she was gone.

As I heard the front door close, I looked out the bedroom window. A guy who looked to be in his early 30s was standing by a red convertible, dressed in black. Joyce gave him a peck on the cheek, then climbed in the car, her skirt sliding up on her thighs.

I was dumbfounded. Clearly Joyce was doing a lot more than she let on. I had no doubt that she was into much more than exhibitionism. I knew I should be upset, but in a funny way the thought excited me. I wasn't at all angry or jealous.

When I left at five o'clock the next morning to catch my plane, Joyce hadn't gotten home. I could only imagine what she was doing!

As it turned out, I didn't have to stay away as long as I anticipated. Though I was scheduled to return on Saturday, I actually got back on Thursday afternoon. I knew that Joyce was only working till noon that day, but I decided not to let her

know I was returning early. I took a taxi from the airport, and when I got to the house, I saw the red convertible parked outside. There were also two other cars I didn't recognize parked nearby.

When I got to the door, I heard music and laughter from inside the house. Instead of going in, I went around back and peeked in

noon, Joyce looked a little looped. I thought I smelled marijuana. As I watched, Joyce went up to one of the strange guys and began to muss up his hair. Then she turned to the other stranger and did the same thing.

As if this was a signal, Nancy went over and sat on Convertible Guy's lap. He tickled her neck, then be-

gan to feel her breasts. Then Joyce stepped back and took off her top. Her nipples were erect, and her breasts looked gorgeous. She slid her skirt off, then took off the red thong she had on under it and flung at the two men.

Naked now, she went up to them and began unbuttoning their shirts, one with each hand. Nancy was also



the window of the family room, where the stereo is. The drapes were open just enough for me to see in. I saw five people: Joyce, her friend Nancy, and three guys, all over six feet. One was Convertible Guy; the others also appeared to be in their early 30s.

They were sitting around drinking. Joyce had on a halter top and a very short cotton skirt. Nancy was wearing a skimpy sundress. Though it was still early after-

"I had no doubt that Joyce was into much more than exhibitionism. I knew I should be upset, but in a funny way the thought excited me"

undressing her guy. As the men Joyce was playing with bent down to take off their shoes and socks, she kissed their necks. They stood up and took off their pants and underpants. Each had a big erection. She knelt and began to lick them, alternating between the two. My cock was like an iron bar.

By this time both Nancy and Convertible Guy were nude, and she was playing with his rigid schlong. He slid out of his chair, lowering both of them to the floor, where he mounted her and began to fuck her slowly.

When I looked back at Joyce, I saw that she was lowering herself onto one of the guys, who was lying on his back on the floor. The other guy was putting some

Fuck me hard, both of you!" I had never seen her in such a state. I nearly came in my pants as she had a convulsive climax and the two guys both shot into her.

Meanwhile Nancy and the other guy also came, but by then I wasn't paying much attention to them. They all rested for a while, then started in again, but this time they changed off, with Nancy getting the Dynamic Duo and Joyce doing it with Convertible Guy.

I stayed there for over an hour, watching my wife participate in an orgy with no holds barred. Finally I pulled myself away and went to a bar to calm myself down. From there I called the house and told Joyce I had just landed at the airport and

two of us fucked like crazy.

I didn't say anything to Joyce about what I'd seen. I still haven't. I guess I will sometime. Or maybe not. After all, right now everyone is happy.—*N.B., Duluth, Minnesota*

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"I stayed there for over an hour, watching my wife participate in an orgy with no holds barred. Finally I went to a bar to calm myself down"

kind of lube on his cock. When Joyce had the first guy's cock up her cunt, she bent over and motioned for the other one to enter her from the rear. He inserted himself gradually in her ass, and the three of them began to move together in rhythm.

I was astounded!

After about ten minutes, Joyce began to shake all over, and to shout over and over, "Fuck me! Yes! Hard!

would be home within the hour. Sounding out of breath, she said she could hardly wait to see me.

When I returned home, the cars were gone, the family room was cleaned up, and Joyce was in the shower. When she came out of the bathroom, nude, she came up to me and started to strip off my clothing, saying how much she had missed me. Then the





Jenna Rose
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In tropical sizzle, she racks up a personal-best five-at-one-time

When my wife and I arrived at our Caribbean destination, intending for once to lie low and not get involved in sexual adventures, our first idea was to charter a boat for a little sailing and snorkeling. As Kay and I were telling the hotel concierge what we wanted, a couple behind us said they had the same plan. It turned out there was only one boat available, so we agreed to share it, figuring to save a few bucks and make some new friends.

As soon as we got to the dock the next morning, off came Kay's cover-up, revealing her stunning body in a little black bikini that didn't hide much. The guys around the dock sure took notice of her sleek form! We found the boat and our new friend Troy, who said Tina, his wife, was ailing and wouldn't be coming. So we told the captain, Erich, a super-hunky 20-ish German lad, to head out.

As soon as we cleared the little port, off came Kay's bikini top—and Troy, Erich and I basked in the sight of her sitting on the front sun deck basking in the rays, and showing off her beautiful body for her attentive audience. I got the feeling that, despite our resolve, she was trolling for something besides fish!

Troy moved up front and sat next to Kay, and as they talked, his eyes surveyed every exposed inch of her—and she was eating it all up! At one point she must have

asked him to apply suntan lotion, because faster than you can imagine he was caressing and massaging her upper thighs, her firm abs and her lush breasts.

I moved up to join them and pointed out that in that hot sun Troy and I needed suntan lotion too, and my near-nude wife took pleasure in applying it to both of us. As she did, her taut, glistening body kept rubbing us in the most interesting places.

Soon we came to a cove and docked. Kay put on her skimpy top and we did a little snorkeling. After half an hour we broke for lunch. With captain Erich staying behind to do some work on the boat, Kay, Troy and I took the picnic boxes we'd brought from the hotel and followed a trail to a lovely spot. As we set up, we realized we'd left the beer cooler behind. I volunteered to go back for it.

When I was out of sight, I snuck back to watch them for a moment. I wasn't surprised to see Troy move behind the seated Kay and start massaging her shoulders. I didn't see her objecting! His hands slid down till they were rubbing the slopes of her breasts. With a quick move he shed his trunks. When she saw him standing nude next to her, she was unfazed, as if she'd been expecting it. She stood up, and he peeled off her top, followed by her tiny bottom. Then he put her hand on his growing cock.

If there's anything Kay can't resist, it's a nice cock. She soon dropped to her knees and took that stiffen-

ing one in her mouth. For the next five minutes she sucked Troy while he rubbed her body and played with her tits. She was breathing fast, and he looked like he was on the verge of coming, but she stopped him when it looked like he was going to fuck her. When they went in the water to cool off, I set off for the boat and the cooler.

By the time I returned they were clothed again, but there was thick sexual tension in the air. After lunch, plus some time for taking in both sun and beer, we went back to the boat and set off for another cove. While Kay and I sat together, she asked if I enjoyed her "little exhibition." She explained that she had seen me lurking in the bushes, watching.

"So," I said, "was the show for me or for him?"

Kay insisted she hadn't planned it, but said that now she really did want to fuck Troy—and me, at the same time, down in the cabin. She is a real bunny and just loves to suck cock and fuck, so how could I say no?

Kay whispered something to Troy, then headed below, with him following shortly. When I went down to the cabin, I found her lying on the bunk with his mouth between her thighs. He seemed surprised to see me but recovered quickly and went on with what he was doing, while I stripped.

Small screamlets were coming out of Kay. The first thing I did when I was nude was to stifle them by sliding my cock between her lips. (I should note that my wife



can suck cock like nobody's business.)

Troy could hardly wait to fuck Kay, so after he ate her to orgasm, he mounted her and stuffed his good-size cock in her. While he was slamming in and out of her, I played with her gorgeous body. She was on fire! So was Troy, and soon enough

he exploded inside her. As soon as he went soft, I took his place fucking Kay, and by the time I came inside her, he was ready for another quick fuck.

As we lay recovering, Kay said, "Troy, would you go up and steer the boat awhile so Erich can come down here? I've been wondering about

the size of his propeller."

When Erich arrived, Kay was showering. She came out wearing nothing but a new thong bikini bottom. Her hair was damp, and her body was glistening. She planted herself about a foot away from where he was sitting on the edge of the bunk, and his eyes wandered all over her body, with special attention to her rock-hard

abs and voluptuous breasts.

She loved the attention. Smiling, she twirled and asked Erich if he liked what he saw. He nodded, but took a quick glance over at me. Seeing this, she told him she had my permission to do anything she wanted, then slid her leg in between his thighs until it touched his cock. She stroked his face and shoulders.

cock, please?" she purred.

The young Teutonic god stood up, and his cock was making a tent in his shorts. (Hugging and fondling my wife in the nude will do that to a man.) Kay unsnapped the shorts and they fell to the floor. She took his cock in hand; it was long and thick. She hummed while she stroked it, and rubbed her free hand all over his lean, hard-muscled body.

I stood at the entryway watching my wife seduce her boy toy. She whispered in his ear, licking his neck and kissing him seductively. The sight was stiffening my own cock; I could imagine the effect Kay was having on Erich! His hands were all over her. Watching her bend over and tease him with her lips, I wanted to fuck her again myself!

With Erich breathing hard, Kay stood up and placed her mouth on his. Can that lady kiss! Their tongues looked to be buried in each other's mouth. Without warning, she pulled away and lay down on the bunk, pulling him with her. Wiggling into 69 position, she took his throbbing cock for more oral wizardry, and he licked her cunt and played with her clit.

Again Kay pulled away, before the hunk could come. "Fuck me, Erich!" she cried, panting. "I've never fucked a German boat captain." She lay on her back, and he rubbed his thick slab over her dripping pussy, making her groan. Soon she was begging him to fill her up.

All of a sudden the boat lurched and stopped, like



"I stood watching my wife seduce her boy toy. She whispered in his ear, licking his neck and kissing him. The sight was stiffening my own cock"

"Erich," she cooed, "you've seen almost all of me all day. Don't you think it's only fair for me to see more of you? Oh, would you help me out of this bottom?"

This time Erich didn't look at me, he just slid her bikini bottom off, leaving her nude. As she hugged his face to her breasts, he grasped her sculpted ass cheeks

"May I see your luscious

we'd run aground. The effect was to drive Erich's cock deep in Kay, pushing her back a foot on the bed.

"Don't stop!" she begged, and he didn't. He fucked her like crazy, so powerfully that I thought he might hurt her. But no, she was loving the hell out of it. So was I.

They were still fucking wildly, moaning and sweating, when Troy came back down. His eyes went wide at the sight of the copulating. He said he'd grounded the boat on the beach and now wanted in on the fun and games. I suggested that he suck Kay's feet and toes, which she loves. In seconds he was nude and kissing Kay, and she was kissing back as only she can. His hands were moving over her breasts and legs. Then he moved down and sucked her feet. She went wild, bucking so hard, she nearly threw him off.

Troy, who had been going wild watching, stepped up and offered his cock to Kay's mouth. She took it in eagerly but had trouble holding it in while Erich was banging her with such abandon until they both came. I was hard as hell, but Troy jumped in to take Erich's place, sliding his hard-on in Kay's now-gaping cunt. I stood next to her, and she smiled at me, then took my cock in her mouth. That's my bunny!

After a brief rest, we all jumped in the water. All eyes were on Kay and her mind-blowing body. When we'd cooled off, we helped Erich get the boat back in the water, and he cast off for

an island that had docks and a waterside bar.

Erich, Troy and I put our swimsuits on, but Kay remained nude, enjoying the caresses we lavished on her. Just before we pulled in at the dock she did put her tiny bikini bottom on, but she stayed topless until we moored, putting on a show for the other boaters. As we disembarked she finally put her top on, but that still left nearly all of her body on display, to the evident delight of every man in sight.

At the bar we downed a few beers and Kay showed herself off for the barflies—leaning over to expose still more of her breasts, stretching, doing everything she could to keep their eyes on her. When we finally headed out the door, she pulled off her bikini top and threw it to the crowd, flaunting her body at them one last time. Then she waved good-bye and went out, with the men begging her to come back.

Back on the boat, Kay said to Erich, "Drive slowly, baby. We can still have lots more fun before sunset." That's my bunny!

That evening Tina, Troy's wife, phoned us in our hotel room to say she felt bad about not being able to join us that day, and invited us to meet her and Troy on the beach for lunch the next day. Even as I accepted, I wondered if she had any idea what her husband had done with my wife, or how she would feel about it.

At noon the next day we walked down to the beach to meet them. Tina looked

almost as hot in her bathing suit as Kay, with both ladies hiding practically nothing—they would easily have come in first and second in a "tiniest bikini" contest.

Tina asked if we had fun the day before, and Kay, smiling broadly, said she'd thought it would be a drag with just the guys but we'd made the best of it. Soon we were talking like old pals, and the talk got pretty raunchy. At one point Tina said she needed suntan oil and suggested that, for fun, Troy and I each oil up the other's wife. Soon we had our hands all over the girls, including in places usually reserved for husbands. They squirmed and humped our fingers.

Tina confessed that even though she and Troy loved each other very much, they liked to play sexual games. In fact, she said, one time

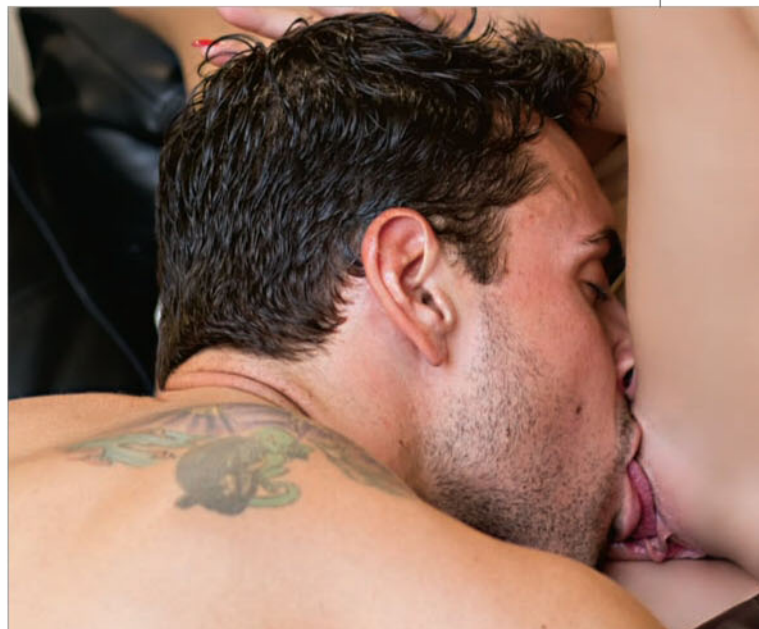
he watched her play games with five lifeguards at once.

"Did you enjoy that?" I asked, and she smiled and said, "Again and again." Before we parted company we agreed to meet that evening for cocktails in the bar, then go out to dinner.

At dinner Kay wore a gauzy V-cut top designed to be worn with the V in back, but she reversed it, to the delight of all the men in the bar. Tina wore a halter that barely covered her tits. Both wore skirts that barely came down to mid-thigh.

After dinner, Tina suggested we go back to their hotel suite, leaving little doubt what would happen when we got there. As soon as we did, Tina pulled me into the bedroom and Troy took Kay out to the patio.

Tina grabbed my cock and said she and Troy had





“Tina and Kay had shed their bikinis. Kay said, ‘We thought we’d cool off. How do I look?’ ‘Like you’re going to get fucked,’ I said. Everyone laughed”

talked about it and agreed that she would fuck me. She asked if I thought Kay would fuck Troy. I said I bet she would. In a second Tina was naked and was pulling down my pants. While I was ripping my shirt off, she swallowed my hardening cock. I managed to hold off coming, and put her on the bed in 69 position.

“And what do we have here?” I heard Kay say. Turning around, I saw her and

Troy standing in the doorway. She was topless but still had that little skirt on. Troy was nude—and rock-hard. They joined us on the large bed, and in no time we were all rolling around, kissing, stroking and slurping each other. Our gasps and moans filled the room.

It turned out to be quite a night, and when we left Tina and Troy’s room, we agreed to meet again the next afternoon by the pool.

When we met, both Kay and Tina were wearing new swimsuits—happily no bigger than the old ones! The girls attracted a lot of attention lying by the pool. At one point a pair of well-built guys who looked like twins came over to Tina. “Ohmygod!” she cried, clearly recognizing them. “Where did you boys come from?”

We learned that Tom and Buddy played on the same softball team as Troy. Later Troy explained to me that one night back home he’d brought them back to his place after a game for a few beers, and when Tina, who happened to be taking a shower, came out in the nude, still drying herself off, the three men, all buzzed and horny, ended up fucking her all night long, with her enthusiastic participa-

tion. Later she told Troy his friends were the best fucks she’d ever had.

So now he’d flown them down here for the night as a surprise, just for Tina’s enjoyment. I was impressed!

When Tina asked if we’d like to join them back in their room, I didn’t have to look at Kay to know her answer. When we got to their room, Tina put on some music and Troy made drinks. I had to go to the john. When I returned, Tina and Kay had shed their bikinis. Tina was dancing nude in Buddy’s arms and Kay was dancing with Tom. Troy was watching, sipping his drink.

“Hi, honey,” Kay said to me, grinning. “It was hot in here, so we thought we’d try to cool off. How do I look?”

“Like you’re going to get fucked,” I said. And everyone laughed.

We switched partners, so Troy was dancing with my naked wife while I danced with the naked Tina. Dancing soon turned into touching, and even more touching when the girls peeled off all us guys’ shirts and pants, saying it wasn’t fair for them to be the only naked ones.

After that, it was anything goes. Tom kissed Kay deeply while she held his cock, and Troy ran his hands over her breasts and legs. Buddy had Tina on her back with his head between her legs, licking her to orgasm. I offered her my cock, and she took it eagerly in her mouth, nearly swallowing it whole. Then Buddy moved up and mounted her. Kay pushed Tom into a chair and bent

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LETTERS

over to tease his cock with her mouth. Troy moved up behind her and slid his hard cock in her wet cunt, then fucked her hard while she sucked Tom's cock for all she was worth.

For the next hour everyone licked and sucked and fucked everyone else, until finally all of the guys were all fucked out. Tina looked pretty satisfied too.

But not my bunny! "This has been wonderful, darling," Kay said to me, "but you remember Tina told us how she had five cocks at once? I've only had four here tonight. Would you mind if I ordered something from room service? I think Carl was his name. That big dark waiter hunk."

Well, I thought, why not? I called room service and ordered us some light food, asking that Carl bring it up. When he knocked at the door, it was opened by a naked, sweaty Kay, who proceeded to give him the best "tip" he'd ever had.

Now Kay has a new goal: six men at once. I'm not sure where I'll find them, but I'll manage it. I always like to make sure my bunny gets whatever she wants.—*D.J., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania*

Incredible sex coaches had them blowing their minds—and more

Mimi and I have been married for nine years, and until last month our sex life was fading away to near nothing. It was my fault mainly, but I couldn't help wondering if Mimi was cheating on me,

or at least thinking about it.

That's why I didn't like it when a huge, tattooed Russian (or maybe Ukrainian?) hunk moved in next door and started working out in his back yard. One afternoon I returned home from work early and caught Mimi looking at him through our kitchen window with binoculars.

When I demanded an explanation, she said calmly that she enjoyed watching

Sergei working out because he had the most magnificent male body she'd ever laid eyes on. When I accused her of wanting to have sex with him, she admitted calmly that she had such fantasies. She added that it would be a good thing for me to think similar thoughts about Sergei's wife Natasha, a tiny, slim beauty. Such fantasies, she said, could help spice up our own stale sex life.



I told Mimi she was crazy, and we didn't speak for the rest of the day. That night I ended up sleeping on the sofa. And on the sofa I had a dream about Natasha—that somehow I was the one who was working out in their back yard, and she came out of the house in hip-huggers and a skimpy blouse that showed off her slender bare midriff. Dazzled by her tiny waist, I was soon kissing and fondling her, and suddenly we were lying on the grass buck naked, with my hard, throbbing cock in her tight little cunt. I was fucking her like there was no tomorrow, and in time let out a yowl as I came violently.

Although it was just a dream, my ejaculation was real, and I woke up with a mess in my pajama pants. I heard applause, and turned to see Mimi standing in the doorway smirking.

"You woke me up with your animal howl," she said. "You were dreaming about Natasha, weren't you?"

When I didn't say anything, she said, "Good boy! It shows there's hope of getting our sex life back on track." Then she left.

The next day when I got home from work I found Mimi in the yard talking to Sergei over the fence between our properties. I was steamed, and nailed her the minute she came inside. "What the fuck is going on between you and that steroid case?"

"I'll tell you," Mimi said brightly. "It turns out Sergei and Natasha are sex therapists. They teach classes in sexual liberation, and they've

invited us to watch them having sex together!”

I was stunned. Finally I said, “Oh, I get it. This is a wife-swapping ploy.”

“Of course,” she said, “but we’re under no obligation.”

I studied her for a while, then said, “I bet you’re just dying to be with Sergei.”

“Yes,” she said, “but only with your approval. And I think you should have sex with Natasha.”

“You want me to?”

“Yes, it’ll be good for you, and for our marriage. Or do you want our sex life to just peter out to nothing?”

It was the thought of Natasha that sealed it. “Okay, I guess,” I said. “But if I don’t like the way things are going, we walk. Agreed?”

“Agreed,” she said, with a big smile forming.

At nine that night we were ushered into Sergei and Na-



“Mimi said, ‘Sergei and Natasha have invited us to watch them having sex together.’ I was stunned. Finally I said, ‘I get it. This is a wife-swapping ploy’”

tasha’s small living room. I guessed they were naked under their white robes.

Mimi and I sat on a sofa, and Sergei did a spiel about the need to cast off all the shackles of sexual inhibitions. Then he and Natasha got down to business. Standing face-to-face on a thick area rug, on which several

throw pillows had been scattered about, they quickly disrobed each other. Sergei must have been six feet three and about 220 pounds, all muscle. Natasha, barely five feet tall, couldn’t have weighed more than 95.

They began by kissing and caressing each other. The hypermasculine Sergei’s

huge hands roved over every inch of his tiny wife’s ultrafeminine body. Occasionally he tongued and sucked on her small but perfectly molded breasts, while she planted kisses on his monstrously overdeveloped chest and stroked and squeezed the iron-hard muscles of his upper arms.

For his size, Sergei’s normal-size cock looked kind of small, but it looked powerful jutting straight out, throbbing, ready for action. After a while Natasha sank to her knees and went to work on it. While one hand fondled his big balls, the other hand stroked his shaft. To my surprise, Natasha simply swallowed down Sergei’s cock

in a single gulp, then began to bob up and down, humming as she did. All this time her hands were working Sergei’s balls. He had his eyes shut and was running his fingers through her hair.

There’s no way I can convey the sensuality, the electricity gripping the couple. My cock was going wild as I flashed back to my dream about Natasha, and I felt what Sergei must be feeling as I saw that tiny hand fondling my balls, felt her lustrous hair as I ran it through my fingers, imagined her skilled mouth moving up and down my iron rod.

This reverie was interrupted when Mimi, sitting next to me on the sofa, lowered

my zipper and began playing with my cock. Suddenly Natasha backed off Sergei, leaving his beautiful cock thrusting upward and outward like a cannon about to fire. Turning to Mimi and me she said, "Now there's going to be a twist to our erotic exhibition. For your amusement I'm going to jerk Sergei's cock off and see how far it can shoot. We're aiming for the door."

She turned back to Sergei and resumed playing with his cock and balls, stroking and squeezing until, in less than a minute, he gritted his teeth, let out a yowl and began to shoot. His first spurt did in fact hit the door, halfway across the room. As he continued ejaculating, I couldn't believe how mes-



"I had been turned on by Sergei and Natasha's exhibition. But seeing a guy fuck his wife and seeing a guy fuck my wife aren't at all the same thing"

merized I was watching a man shoot his load.

After a surprisingly short break the exhibition continued. Sergei laid Natasha down on the rug and went straight for her enticing little boobs, kissing them and fondling them and sucking on them. In no time her little nipples were sticking out erotically. Then his tongue traced its way down to her belly button. He reamed it

out awhile, then positioned himself between his wife's smooth, slender legs and, sliding his hands under her, gripped her ass cheeks and pulled her to him, then feasted on her tiny twat. He lapped her cunt lips awhile, then attacked her clit, teasing it with his tongue and nipping at it with his teeth until she was going wild.

I heard my wife moan along with Natasha as she

stiffened and came, bucking her crotch against her husband's face. He lapped up every bit of her juice, then licked her pussy clean.

Sergei was still hard, and so was I. Mimi had her hand up her skirt and was diddling herself.

Sergei positioned a throw pillow under his wife's adorable ass and got on top of her. He slowly worked his hungry cock in her, then began to hump her. Once his rhythm was established, his thrusts became more masterful. She clutched his muscular body and moaned as he pounded into her ever more savagely. As his balls slapped her ass with each stroke, her moans turned to yelps of ecstasy.

Once more I imagined what Sergei must be feel-

ing, imagined that hot, tight vagina squeezing my cock as it plunged in her, writhing and bucking beneath me, over and over

After a while Natasha broke the rhythm, and then a shudder went all through her. She arched her back, let out a cry and heaved through a wrenching climax. Although Sergei's cock was still lodged in her, I saw their juices dripping out of her clutching pussy. She clung to him as he went right on slamming into her with powerful thrusts.

The spectacle had Mimi on fire, and she resumed playing with my cock. With her free hand she grabbed my hand and guided it under her skirt to her dripping pussy. I found her clit, and we diddle each other

while our eyes feasted on the magnificent fuck taking place on the floor right in front of us.

Natasha's cries again grew frenzied as Sergei's grunts gradually got louder, and this time when she came, screaming and thrashing her head from side to side, he let loose and pumped spurt after spurt of hot jism in her.

We took another break then, during which Mimi and I continued to play with each other. After the break, Sergei announced that the next and final event of the evening, provided everyone was willing, would be the sharing of partners.

I was hesitant. True, I had been turned on by Sergei and Natasha's exhibition, but seeing another guy fuck his own wife and seeing a guy fuck my wife aren't at all the same thing. I had a feeling that seeing Sergei fuck my wife was something I still wasn't quite ready for, and I told him so.

At that point Natasha came over and squeezed in between Mimi and me. She blew in my ear, then gave it a couple of licks with her tongue. "You won't see it happen," she whispered. "They'll be in the bedroom, and we'll be right here."

"But I don't—"

I didn't get to complete my sentence. Natasha's hand reached down and curled around my cock. Her fingers were like magic, and I had to struggle to keep from coming in her hand. "Mmm," she murmured, "what a beautiful cock. You



know, it feels bigger than Sergei's."

I had a feeling that this was a fucking lie, and in any case size had very little to do with the cock show her husband had just put on. I knew all that, but it didn't matter—here was this sex goddess playing with my cock, playing with me, telling me that she wanted me. My head was spinning. At this point Sergei and Mimi must have seen that I was a goner, and the two of them got up quietly and left the room.

My session with Natasha is still hazy. All I know is that it was something new and wild and exciting, and at the end of it I didn't even care that I could hear Mimi crying out with passion in the next room as Sergei was doing with her everything that he had done with his

wife—and now I had too!

Mimi had been right—from that point on our sex life was miraculously improved. As for neighbors, we've gotten together with Natasha and Sergei again a number of times, and in fact continue to do so. They're amazing friends both in and out of bed. What's more, we have switched partners with other couples too. I'm proud to say that I now consider myself a liberated man.—C.J., *Greenwich, Connecticut*

When you have limited time together, you have to make the most of it

It was my last night in Chicago after spending the weekend with Alan, my boyfriend, and we decided to visit a swingers' club we'd frequented in the past.

I was wearing a short red

miniskirt with a low-cut red and white top, along with black heels, but I took along a short, sparkly red dress to change into at the club. We arrived early, before there were many people, but soon the place began to fill up. We sat in the bar area chatting with people until we decided it was time to head upstairs, where the dressing rooms were.

While I put on my short red dress, Alan slipped on his black see-through silk boxers. As we returned to the bar area, a group of people gathered there all turned to look. I felt like a celebrity! Everyone commented how nice I looked. I felt like every man there wanted to fuck me.

While Alan chatted with a couple at the bar, I wandered out to the dance-floor area to see what was hap-

Letters

pening. The only person there was the DJ, Travis. I asked him to play something fast for me to dance to, and I did an erotic dance just for him. After the song I told Travis I was sorry that I couldn't stay but I really wanted to be with Alan that night plus maybe another couple. He understood, and said he'd really enjoyed my dancing for him, and maybe next time he would have a woman with him so we could have a foursome.

I wanted a drink, so I headed back to the bar. When I sat down, a man we'd been talking to earlier came up to me and said, "I think your boyfriend is getting my wife very turned on." I looked over my shoulder and saw Alan kissing a pretty blonde. I smiled at the man and said, "Yeah, it does look that way."

We chatted a bit. Then the man told me that Alan had asked him earlier if he and his wife wanted to go upstairs with us to one of the bedrooms, and they'd agreed. I was kind of ticked that nobody had thought to ask me, but I told him—now that someone was asking—it was fine with me.

The other couple, Ted and Lorraine, were about our age. I thought Lorraine was beautiful, with her sensuous body and long blonde hair. They both seemed pleasant and sensual. As the four of us walked toward the stairs, I turned to Lorraine and gave her a deep tongue kiss, causing her to moan. We both moaned as we mounted the stairs kissing.

We found a small room with two beds. Alan lay down on one bed with Lorraine, and Ted and I took the other. We stripped, and Ted started licking my pussy, sliding his tongue over my cunt lips and getting me so turned on that I was near coming. Then we fucked. As we did, Ted told me he had wanted me the moment he saw me. From time to time he told me to look at Alan and Lorraine, saying, "Don't your boyfriend and my wife look good fucking?" Well, they did!

After a bit Ted and I took a break, and I went over to the other bed and lay down next to Lorraine. Alan moved away to make room. I leaned over and kissed her deeply. Between moans she said what I good kisser I was, so I kissed her again, then slid my mouth down and sucked her luscious nipples.

I was aware of Alan and Ted watching us while I licked downward to Lorraine's pussy, which was hot and wet from Alan's fucking. She gasped as I slid my tongue over her wet lips and then inside her, tongue-fucking her until she started coming. When she recovered, she sat up and did the same things to me, until I came too.

We decided to shower together to clean up a bit. It was fun, the four of us together in the shower, and I was feeling pretty damn good. Afterward we went down to the dance floor, and Lorraine and I danced together. Somehow we began to use the stripper

pole in the middle of the floor. Alan and Ted joined us on the dance floor, and we were all dancing and having a fun time sliding up and down the pole.

Before long the four of us were heading back upstairs for more fucking—once

Finally Ted had me lie on my stomach and he got behind me and slid his cock slowly in my ass, then began fucking me there. Alan said something about me liking it in my ass, and Lorraine said, "Yes, he's already in hers." He fucked my ass until I was



again Alan with Lorraine and me with Ted. I sucked his cock, and he fucked me and fucked me, constantly telling me how hot I was and how good he felt inside me. He got me more turned on than I had ever been for such a sustained time. I heard Alan and Lorraine in the bed next to us panting and moaning with passion.

coming yet again, soaking the bed beneath us.

After that Ted got on the bed with his wife, and she rode him, fucking him really hard. I got between his legs and licked both of them, tonguing his balls and the base of his cock and running my tongue across her pussy lips while she rode him. As I was doing that, Alan got be-

hind me, slid his hard cock in my cunt and fucked me doggie-style. All of us were so hot, so turned on, that we licked, sucked and fucked until we collapsed in a pile of orgasmic pleasure.

It was really late, and we decided it was time to go.

horny and wanted to be fucked. We started before we were really awake, with me straddling him and riding him, and we ended up with him behind me at the edge of the bed, fucking me beautifully the way he does, until we came together, all



“From time to time Ted told me to look at Alan and Lorraine, saying, ‘Don’t your boyfriend and my wife look good fucking?’ Well, they *did*!”

We all promised to keep in touch, and as Alan and I drove back to his place, we chatted about how much fun we’d had and how hot and wild it had been.

All that night I dreamed of fucking. When I woke in the morning, I moved closer to Alan, wrapped my body around him and moaned. Believe it or not, I was still

feeling pretty damned fine!

After that we showered together, and then we got dressed. I also had to pack, since I was heading home that day. We talked about how much fun we’d had together throughout the week-end, and how sad it was to part. But we comforted each other that we would be together again soon. It’s

truly a wonderful thing to have a relationship like ours, to share each other and fulfill each other, and make each other so fucking hot. It’s a fantasy come true!—*S.B., El Paso, Texas*

Ever traded partners for sexual variety? Spiced up your bedroom with a smorgasbord of sweaty bodies?

If you’re a sexual adventurer who has switched on to the swinging scene, we’d like to hear from you. It’s a great way to make the experience live on forever. Send your letter to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department SS, 20 Broad Street, 14th Floor, New York, New York 10005. Or you can send e-mail to: letters@ffn.com



She Gets Her Man

She'd do *anything* to get her hands on her dream guy. Sleeping around is one of her favorite pastimes, so when the prize is the quarterback, you better believe she'll pull out all the stops to get him!







Damn, this boy knows his way around a pussy! And his cock is just what the doctor ordered. Her winning smile and slightly devious charms got him right where she needs him to be—*inside her!*





All is right in her world. She got the star quarterback to throw her a Hail Mary, and did he ever complete it! It's funny, though—now all she can think about is what a tight end might be able to do for her!



SPOTLIGHT ON

Suck A What?

When hubby's away the horny wife will play—especially if she has a couple of swinging neighbors to show her how

I am a 27-year-old housewife who has been married to a wonderful man named Tad for three great years. I am five feet three inches tall and have a 34C-23-32 body that Tad just loves. Although I am rather petite, he often tells me that my big boobs make me look so hot that he can't keep his hands off me, even after being married this long.

Another thing Tad loves is the fact that when I have a strong orgasm, I squirt my juices. Before I met him I was embarrassed when that happened. But the first time it happened with Tad, he had been eating me out, and when I came I sprayed his face with my come. He just loved it! He drank up every drop, and told me I tasted delicious. After that, every time we made love, the first thing he would do was go down on me, hoping I would squirt in his face. Two years ago he began subscribing to your magazine, and each month he would read the letters out loud to me. I would get so hot that when he went down on me, I would flood his face with my juices.

The one problem we had in our sex lives was that I didn't like to suck cock. This was mostly because the first time I ever tried it, the guy I was with didn't smell that great, and when he came in my mouth without warning, I choked on his thick semen. We were in his car, and I ended up gagging and throwing up in the parking lot.

From then on, I didn't like giving head, even though I knew that my loving husband wanted me to do it. Tad

has a beautiful, thick eight-inch cock, and I was always afraid that it would be too thick for my throat. I didn't want to start throwing up with him, like I did with that first guy.

Tad is in the National Guard, and six months ago his support unit got called up for deployment overseas. Before shipping out, his unit had to go to Georgia for several months of additional training. Then he would have a two-week leave before heading over to Afghanistan.

The week before he was to leave for Georgia, we made love every chance we had, and I promised him that I would be the faithful wife until he came home.

One night, when we were out, Tad took me to an adult boutique that sold a lot of sex toys. At first I was embarrassed to go into the place, but I finally relented when I saw a couple of other women going in with their men. When we got inside, Tad took me over to a section of the store where dildos and vibrators were on display, and told me to pick a couple out for myself to use while he was gone. I was amazed at how much they looked and felt like real cocks, and I finally settled on an eight-inch dildo and a nine-inch vibrator, both of which were about as thick as Tad's dick.

I was so turned on when we left the store that as soon as we got home we rushed into the bedroom and had a wild night of sex. Tad encouraged me to try both toys, and while the dildo felt just like his cock, the vibrator, my first







“Gwen knew just where and how to touch me. When she started sucking my breasts, I didn’t do anything to stop her. I was willing to let her do anything to me”

ever, sent me through the roof, and I flooded the bed with my juices. Tad loved it, and after that he urged me to use the toys every night, so that he could drink my ejaculations. Then we would make love well into the night and fall asleep in each other’s arms.

After Tad left for Georgia, I tried to continue living a normal life, but each day it became harder to come home to an empty house, with no one to give me a hug or a kiss, or talk to me at dinnertime. And I missed having sex with Tad, even though I would use the dildo every night while pretending it was him. But it wasn’t really the same, and I found myself becoming more and more depressed.

Three months after Tad had left, I was sitting in my kitchen one day when Gwen, our next-door neighbor, came over to say hi. She and her husband Arnie had been living next door when we first moved in after our wedding, and we had hit it off. Gwen is an attractive brunette who is several inches taller than me and has a great figure.

As we sat on the couch in the family room, drinking coffee, Gwen remarked that I seemed down in the dumps lately, and asked if anything was wrong. At that point a flood of emotions suddenly poured out of me, and before I even realized it, I was crying and telling her how I really missed being touched, hugged and loved. She held me tightly as I cried on her shoulder for the longest time. It felt so wonderful to be held by someone, and she spoke in a soft, soothing voice as I poured out my soul to her. I even found myself telling her about my not liking to suck cock, and that I knew Tad was disappointed with me for not doing that for him.

When I finally composed myself somewhat, Gwen did the last thing I would have expected. She wiped the tears from my cheeks, looking into my puffy, bloodshot eyes, and then she kissed me on the lips.

I was momentarily stunned by this, because I had never been kissed by a woman before. But seconds later I found myself returning her kiss with fervor. It didn’t matter that it was a woman kissing me; it just felt so good to be kissed!

Our kissing quickly got way out of control, because before I knew it I found myself in my bedroom, rolling around naked on the bed. It felt so wonderful to be touched and caressed, and Gwen knew just where and how to touch me. When she started sucking on my breasts, I didn’t do anything to stop her; I was willing to let her do anything to me. Then she ate my drenched pussy, and it felt so good that I screamed like crazy when I came, and ended up squirting all over Gwen’s face.

When Gwen slid her body back up she had my juices all over her face, and was trying to lick up as much of them as possible. She looked at me and giggled, “Boy you really did need to come!” she told me. I then confessed to her about being a squirter, and she found that to be very sexy.

Gwen then confided to me that she and Arnie were swingers, and that Arnie loved to watch her take on other men. I was totally shocked. I’d had no idea that my next-door neighbors were into things like that. She told me that Arnie liked to be dominated by her, and that he would do anything she ordered him to do. She also asserted that Arnie was hung like a horse. In fact, when she told me just how big he was, I thought she was exaggerating.

When she saw that I was skeptical, she asked me if she could use the phone. She then proceeded to call up her husband, telling him to come over to my house, and to use the back door, as I had left it unlocked when she came in. I quickly moved to get dressed, so that Arnie wouldn’t find out what we had been doing; but Gwen just laughed and told me that Arnie had seen her with other



women before, and it turned him on. I still wanted to get dressed, but Gwen stopped me, saying that once I saw what Arnie had between his legs, I would only be getting undressed again.

A thousand thoughts swirled through my mind, but at the same time my clit started to throb and my nipples grew so hard they hurt. Gwen pulled me back down on the bed and kissed me several times, and before I knew it, she had coaxed me into going down on her, while she ate my pussy at the same time. For the first time in my life I tasted another woman, and somewhat to my surprise, I found it not at all repulsive. Gwen tasted very sweet, and she went bonkers every time I ran my tongue over her large clit. She came with a scream, and I found

myself eagerly lapping up her juices as they leaked out of her. I came shortly after she did, and sprayed all over her face again.

Just as we were coming down from our orgasms, Arnie came through the back door and called out for his wife. Gwen replied that we were in the bedroom, and I moved instinctively to cover my breasts as he appeared in the doorway. "God damn!" he gasped out, and then broke into a big smile.

"Show Susan what you've got in your pants honey," Gwen told him. "She didn't believe me when I told her how big you are."

Arnie quickly opened his pants and pulled them down, along with his briefs, and out fell a cock that was almost a foot long and thicker than my wrist! The shaft had large

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SPOTLIGHT ON



“I wanted him so badly I was on fire. On the fourth or fifth stroke I climaxed, with the most intense orgasm of my life. I screamed and screamed as I came”

veins running the length of it, and the mushroom-shaped head was huge. My God, it was something! Because his cock was so heavy, it hung down along his leg like a huge boa constrictor. As he moved toward the bed, his large testicles swung beneath, as though they had a gallon of come inside them.

I gasped when I saw that cock pulse a couple of times, and my pussy started to juice up like crazy, while my clit throbbed like never before. I knew right then and there that I was lost, but I didn't care, because I had to touch that monster.

Gwen must have been reading my mind. “Touch it if you want,” she purred, and as Arnie reached the bed I reached out to take it in both my hands. That cock felt so warm, and the head was purple with all the blood that had rushed to it. I had to catch my breath as it pulsed in my hands. With the way my clit was throbbing, I knew there was no stopping me. “If you want that thing inside you,” Gwen

whispered in my ear, “go ahead.” I could only nod, and then, as if in a trance, I heard myself telling Arnie to make love to me.

He crawled onto the bed as I spread my legs as wide as possible, reaching down to pull my labia apart. Gwen moved down next to my pussy, took Arnie's cock in her hand and guided it to my wet opening. “Arnie's been wanting to fuck you since the day you guys moved in,” she told me. “You're going to love what his cock does to you.”

I felt the tip of that cock against my now pulsing slit, and I lifted my head so I could watch as he entered me. As he pushed just the tip of it into my pussy, I felt as though I was beginning to split in two. I was glad that my cunt was so well lubricated, so that it didn't hurt very much as he stretched it so relentlessly. I heard myself begging him to go slow, and he did. He would push a couple of inches inside me, then hold still until I nodded my head to let him know I was all right. Then he would withdraw until just his cock-head was inside me, and then feed me another couple of inches. Each time he moved forward, I felt the ridge of his cock touching nerve endings deeper in my pussy. I wanted him so badly that I was on fire! On the fourth or fifth thrust I climaxed, with the most intense orgasm of my life. I screamed and screamed as I came, and then got very light-headed as the euphoria washed over my whole body.

When I calmed down, Arnie pushed another couple of inches inside me, and I felt as if my lower body was going to explode. My vagina was stretched even further as he went deeper than my husband had ever been. He paused once more, and then very slowly pushed the rest of his cock inside me. I cried out as I felt him touching places that I never knew existed in my body. That enormous pole seemed to be pushing my inner organs aside to make room

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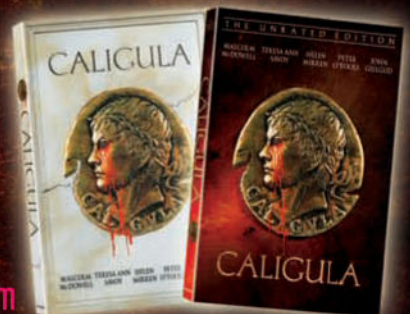
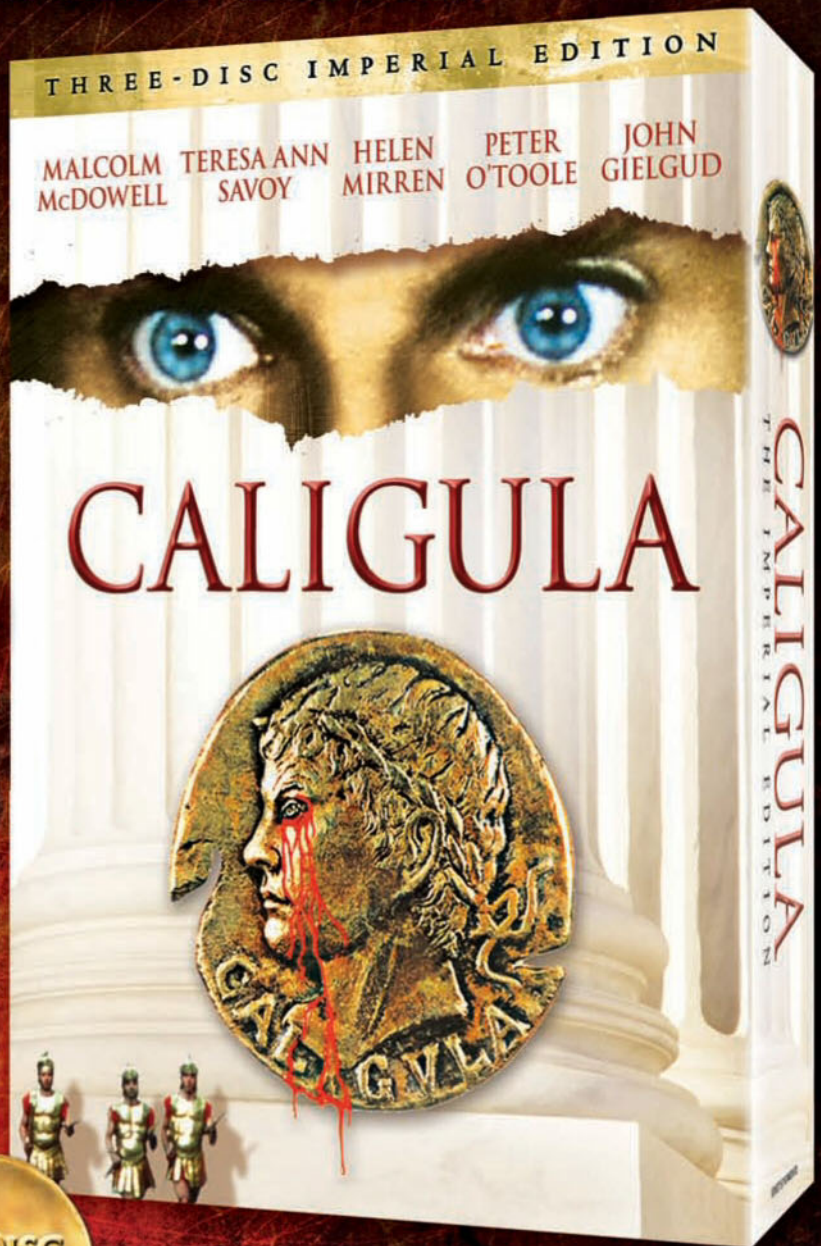
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SPOTLIGHT ON



“I felt her tongue dipping into my pussy. She did her best to lick and suck her husband’s come out of me, and in the process she brought me to orgasm”

for it. When I felt his heavy balls slap my ass, I came once again, every bit as intensely as the first time. I heard myself wailing like a banshee as I had the most wonderful orgasm of my life.

I must have blacked out or something, because the next thing I remember is Arnie thrusting full bore into my body. He kept telling Gwen how tight I was, and she in turn kept urging him to fuck me harder. His cock seemed to be touching and stroking every nerve ending in my body, and I was in heaven. I don’t know how long he made love to me, but I know I came numerous times before I felt his cock swell up inside me and then flood me with his hot sticky liquid. I came once more as it did so, wrapping my legs around his ass to pull him in as deep as possible.

We lay there gasping for breath, Arnie lying on top of me until his flaccid cock finally slipped out of my pussy. Then Gwen told him to move aside, and as soon as he rolled off, she went down on me and started lapping away. I felt her tongue dipping into my dilated pussy. She did her best to lick and suck her husband’s come out of me, and in the process she brought me to a very satisfying orgasm. Then she swung her body around, and I ate her in turn until she came.

Arnie made love to me again, and as soon as he came inside me Gwen got on top of me once more, and we ate each other out until we both came. By then I was completely worn out, so they kissed me good-bye and told me that if I wanted Arnie again sometime, I should just call them. I slept like a log for a long time, my body feeling satisfied for the first time in months.

I felt really guilty about cheating on my husband, so I resisted the desire to call Arnie for two days; but by the third day I was so horny that I succumbed to the temptation. I called him up, and he and Gwen both came over. We repeated what we had done a few

days earlier, with me fucking Arnie, and then Gwen and I eating each other. My orgasms were just as intense as before, and when Arnie took me doggie-style, I became a screaming, sex-crazed woman as his cock kept rubbing my G-spot and driving me to another world of pleasure. I came and came almost continuously for the longest time, and the whole neighborhood must have heard me wailing and screaming until I was hoarse.

When we took a break, Gwen suggested that the three of us go to the sex store to buy some more toys. She told me to put on one of my short skirts and a sweater, but to not wear any undergarments. I figured this meant that they intended to play with my body on the way to the store, so I complied. And that’s just what happened as we drove along in Arnie’s pickup truck, both of them fingering me until I was on the verge of coming.

When we got there, there were several customers in the store, all of them male this time, and they stared at the way my braless tits swayed seductively as I walked. Gwen led me over to the display cases and picked out several dildos that were almost as big as Arnie’s cock, saying that they would be of help to me whenever I craved a big cock inside me, and her husband wasn’t around. She also selected a black strap-on dildo that she told me she wanted to use on me. I had the feeling that they were making me their personal sex toy, but I didn’t care.

After we bought the toys, Arnie took me into the back of the store, where there were several video booths. He had me sit in one of them and told me to masturbate with one of the big dildos and to enjoy whatever happened. He put a bunch of coins in the video machine, and brought up a film that featured a woman being gang-banged by three well-endowed men. Then he stepped out of the booth and closed the door.

I slid the dildo into my already

well-lubricated pussy and started to masturbate while watching the hot flick in front of me. A minute later I was startled when a cock came through a hole in the wall to my left! It was leaking precome, and I knew it wasn't Arnie's, because it was smaller in girth and length. Then I heard a male voice whisper, "Come on baby, suck it for me."

Even though I didn't like to suck cock, I was so aroused from the combination of watching the movie and masturbating that I found myself drawn to this mystery man's dick. Moving close to the wall, I opened my mouth and licked off the precome. Then I took several inches of warm cock into my mouth and tentatively sucked at it. It tasted rather nice, and

he didn't smell too bad, so I began sucking him steadily. I held onto his cock with one hand, while my other hand continued to work the big dildo in and out of my pussy as I sat on the edge of the seat.

The guy lasted a couple of minutes, and then I heard him warn me that he was going to come. Seconds later he started shooting his semen into my mouth, and I gulped most of it down. It tasted somewhat like almonds, and I actually found myself liking it. This added to the pleasure I was giving myself, and I had an orgasm of my own. I'm sure everyone in the store heard me scream as I came, but I didn't care. I felt proud of myself for successfully blowing a man, whoever he was, and swallowing his come.

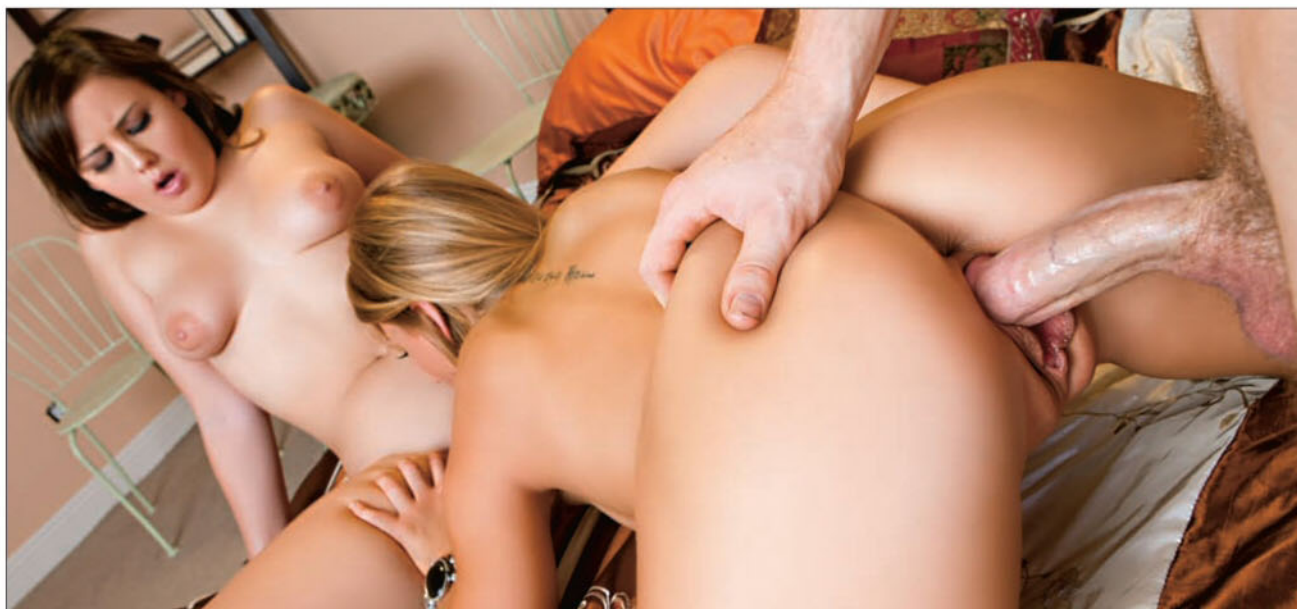
No sooner had I finished with that guy than another cock came through a hole in the wall to my right. This cock was longer and a bit thicker than the first, but without giving it a thought I took it in my mouth and sucked it until I heard the man moan that he was coming. At that point I clamped my mouth around his peter and swallowed every drop of his come as he shot it down my throat. I was getting this cocksucking thing down pat, and I was beginning to really like it.

When that guy's cock disappeared, another one came through the hole in the left wall. This time I knew it was Arnie's, because it was so much bigger than the first two, and the shaft had those big veins showing. I opened my mouth as wide as I could and took





SPOTLIGHT ON



“He was shooting thick gobs of salty come, and I gulped them down as quickly as he fired them into my mouth. I’m proud to say I swallowed every drop”

about four inches of thick dick inside it. I sucked him feverishly while fisting the rest of his cock, wanting to pleasure him in return for all the joy he had given me. I heard his deep voice telling me that it felt wonderful, and that I should keep sucking him. Which I did, and when I felt his dick start to spasm, I jammed my mouth down as far as it would go and waited for him to come. A second later he was shooting thick globs of somewhat salty come, and I gulped them down as quickly as he fired them into my mouth. I’m proud to say that I swallowed every drop.

Shortly after Arnie withdrew, Gwen opened the door of the booth and told me it was time to leave. In a way, I was disappointed, but I knew that when we got back to my house I would get fucked again.

Gwen used the big dildo on me as Arnie drove us back to my place. Once we were in my bedroom we all undressed, and Gwen told me she wanted to try out the strap-on dildo. She put it on, and I got on my hands and knees on the bed as she knelt

behind me. She pushed that big dildo deep inside my already wet pussy, and then she fucked me, while Arnie stood there watching with his big cock in his hand. After I came twice, Gwen told Arnie to get behind her and fuck her doggie-style while she kept the dildo stuffed inside me. Once Arnie was inside her, she told me to start thrusting back at her. It took a few minutes to get our timing down, but soon we established a rhythm, with me pushing backwards just as Arnie pushed forward, and the three of us had a wild ride until we all came.

From that night on, Gwen and Arnie would come over two or three times a week for threesomes. I let them do as they pleased with me, and each time they left me totally satisfied. I blew Arnie at least once every time they came over, and as time went by Gwen taught me how to take more and more of his cock into my mouth. I could never take him all the way down, because he was just too thick for my throat, but I always got him to come for me. My pussy and mouth would be



sore by the end of the night, but it was a soreness I relished.

After a couple of weeks Gwen started using the strap-on to fuck my ass. Arnie would lie underneath me as she did this, sucking on my tits with his cock deep inside my pussy. Each time we did that I came like crazy, and I found myself looking forward to having that happen. Once in a while Gwen and I would switch places, so that I was screwing her butt while she rode Arnie's cock until she was satisfied.

I still had pangs of guilt every now and then, knowing that I was cheating on my husband, to whom I had promised to stay faithful; but at the same time, I couldn't bring myself to stop enjoying the pleasure Gwen and Arnie were giving me.

When Tad came home on his two-week leave, I leapt into his arms and

hugged and kissed him many times. Then I just about ripped his uniform off him as we rushed into the bedroom. The first thing I did was to give him a blowjob, sucking him passionately until he poured his delicious semen down my gullet. He seemed very surprised and happy about me doing that, and he told me he really loved the blowjob. Then we made passionate love for the rest of the night.

The next day Tad opened the drawer in my nightstand as he was looking for something or other, and came upon all my new sex toys, including the strap-on dildo and other things he knew he had not bought me. My heart sank to the floor as I realized I had been discovered. At that point there was no getting around it, so I tearfully confessed everything—except for what happened in the video booth.

All the while I was telling him about what had been going on, Tad just sat there staring at me without saying a word, and I thought our marriage was over then and there. After I was done, he calmly picked up the phone and called Arnie and Gwen, asking them to come over. I was scared to death at what he might do, so I started pleading with him to stay calm and let us talk this thing through.

When Gwen and Arnie arrived, Tad smiled at them and thanked them for everything. They both smiled back, and Gwen replied, "It was our pleasure." I stood there like a confused fool, until Tad surprised the shit out of me by telling me that he knew Arnie and Gwen were swingers, and that he had asked them to "take care of me" while he was away.

When he told me this, my first reaction was to start pounding on his chest, yelling, "You bastard! You could have told me about this, so I wouldn't have felt so guilty about it all!" Tad just laughed and wrapped his arms around me, telling me repeatedly that he loved me, and that he was glad I had enjoyed myself while he was gone.

After that Tad suggested that all four of us get undressed and have a good time. So we did that, switching partners back and forth all afternoon. Eventually I even had both men at the same time, with Tad in my backside while Arnie's magnificent cock fucked my pussy. The guys also got to see Gwen and me in a hot 69 session, as we sucked our husbands' come out of each other's pussy. In addition, Tad had a couple of sessions with Gwen, and I felt no jealousy at all, watching him make love to her.

Later, Tad told me that while he was gone, I should feel free to call on Arnie and Gwen whenever I felt the need for some attention. I kissed him for being so considerate of my needs and told him I definitely planned on doing just that.—S.K., *Ashland, Kentucky*

Carnalcopia



The heart wants what it wants, but it's often the crotch that gets it

THE DRIVE-INS MAY BE GONE, BUT THE LUSTFUL MEMORIES LINGER

Tracy and I are both 37, and have been married for 15 wonderful years. Tracy is a beautiful and charming woman, five feet seven inches tall, who looks 10 years younger than she is. She has shoulder-length blonde hair and a hot, well-toned body, topped off with a pair of full, round 36C breasts that ride high on her chest with almost no sag, looking like



two halves of a large cantaloupe set side by side.

We are both avid fans of your magazine, and we can't wait for each month's issue to arrive so that we can read the letters aloud to each other as a kind of foreplay and means of arousal. For a long time we toyed with the idea of bringing someone else into our bed to diversify our sex life, but we never found the right person until a

few months ago, when we decided to relive one of our old memories.

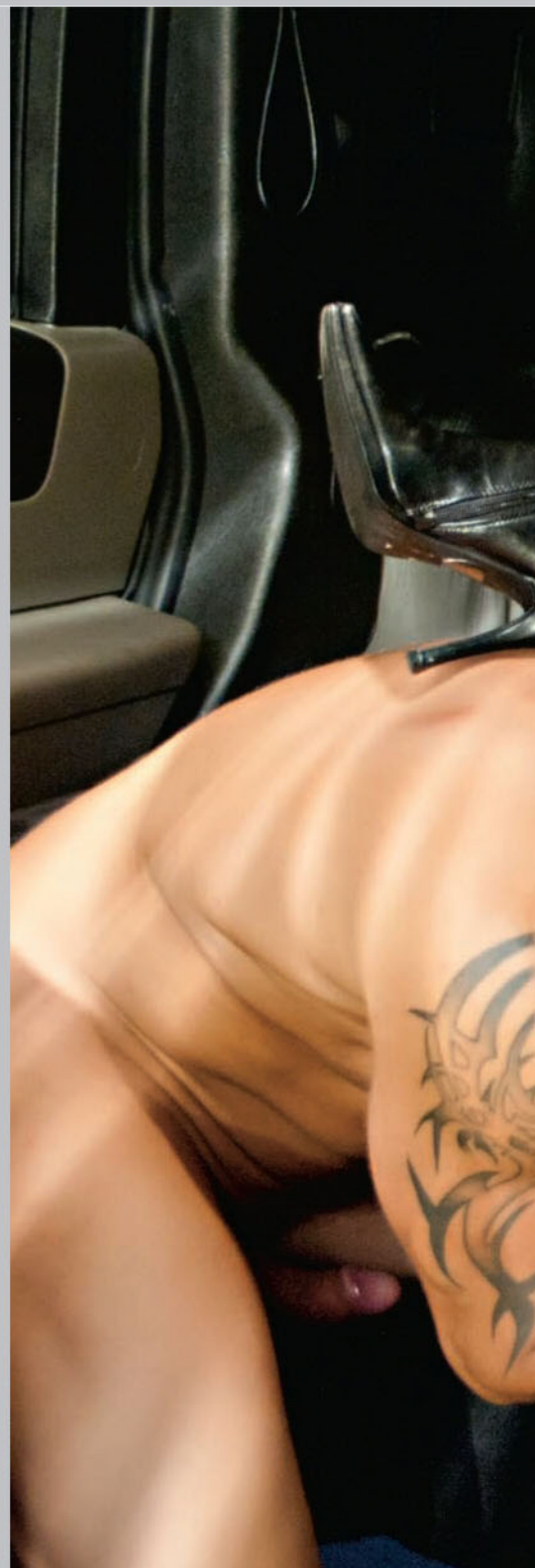
One morning I heard Tracy give a little groan as she scanned the newspaper. When I asked her what was wrong, she showed me an article announcing that our local drive-in movie theater was going to close in a few weeks. As it happened, it was at that drive-in that she and I had made love for the first time. Not that I was the first guy to fuck her, but the fact that it was the first time we had done it together made the place special for both of us.

On that night, over 15 years ago, we had parked in the last row of cars and had immediately begun making out. Within two minutes Tracy's slacks were off and her blouse was open, with me sucking on her magnificent nipples. We made love twice, after which I drove her home, her head resting dreamily on my shoulder.

After that night we returned to that drive-in frequently, making sweet love there each time—until one night the manager caught us as Tracy was riding my eight-inch cock. His bright flashlight shone into my car, staying fixed on her tits and pussy as she hastily got dressed. Then he told us we had to leave, as some up-tight people had seen us and complained about what we were doing.

To my surprise, getting caught seemed to act as an aphrodisiac for Tracy, because as soon as we drove away she was all over me. I eventually had to pull off onto a quiet street and park as she began tearing at my clothes. She was more passionate and vocal than ever before as I made love to her again.

After that, whenever we went out in my car, Tracy would deliberately let her skirt ride up almost to her crotch and partially unbutton her blouse or sweater, so that anyone passing us on the road could get a good look at her legs and the upper slopes of her





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breasts. I found myself getting off on her blatant exhibitionism as well, especially as each time she did it we would end up having a lust-filled evening of wild sex. These displays went on even after we were married, and never failed to turn us both on.

Now, when Tracy showed me the article about the demise of the drive-in, we started reminiscing about all the sexy times we'd had there, and she recalled the time we got caught making love. She admitted that it had been a huge turn-on for her to have a total stranger staring at her naked body, which was why she had begun to openly flaunt herself. She found that just the thought of strange men seeing her in her most intimate moments was extremely arousing for her, and for a long time after that she had fingered herself to orgasm every time she recalled what had happened.

Tracy then suggested that we go back to that drive-in once more before

“We had hardly begun to watch the movie when I felt Tracy’s fingers stroking my cock. In a matter of minutes her sweater and bra were on the floor of the car, and her skirt was pulled up around her waist”

it closed, and make love there “for old time’s sake.” I thought that sounded like fun, so we decided to go that Friday night.

On Friday Tracy wore a short skirt with a tight pullover sweater. She cuddled close to me, already excited, and began rubbing my inner thigh as I drove to the drive-in. We arrived around 9:30 and found the place only about one third full. I parked in the back row, several spaces away from everyone else. It was a warm night,

and I cracked open the side windows a couple of inches to give us some air.

We had hardly begun to watch the movie when I felt Tracy’s fingers stroking my rapidly stiffening cock. When I couldn’t stand it any longer I turned to her. We started kissing passionately, and from then on the movie was the last thing on our minds.

In a matter of minutes Tracy’s sweater and bra were lying on the floor of the car, and her skirt was pulled up around her waist. She

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seemed to be on fire as she frantically pulled my pants down to my ankles. She started sucking my cock as I leaned my back against the driver's door and ran my fingers through her hair.

After a minute she stopped blowing me and slid her panties down and off. Then she crawled on top of me, pushing her luscious right tit into my mouth with one hand, while using the other to guide my saliva-slick cock into her hot wet pussy. As she sank down on me, I began feasting on her hard nipples, and that seemed to turn her on even more.

She became very vocal as she started riding up and down on my cock, and within a minute her body was spasming with a very intense orgasm. She screamed so loudly as she came that I was afraid everyone in the drive-in would hear her. I came a minute later, shooting a heavy load of come deep inside her. Tracy begged me to stay inside her, saying she wanted to savor this pleasure for as long as possible.

Moments later she started grinding her clit against my pubic bone as her vaginal muscles squeezed my semi-hard cock. Her artful muscular contractions quickly got me rigid again, and she rode my dick until she brought herself off once more, with another series of loud screams. She stopped pumping only long enough to calm down from her climax before she resumed riding my cock in an attempt to come yet again.

Just as she started getting worked up again, I heard a young male voice outside our car say, "Holy fuck! Look at what they're doing!"

I looked through the passenger door window and saw two young guys with beverage cups in their hands standing near the door, watching Tracy bounce up and down on my cock. Though her back was to them, it was obvious that they could see her

bare ass and pussy as she rode me. For moment I froze; but then I realized that this was just the kind of situation that Tracy had said aroused her the most. So I brought my mouth close to her ear and whispered to her that two men were watching us. Her reaction was even stronger than I had expected. She let out a deep, lusty groan, brought her lips to mine and buried her tongue deep in my mouth. She began thrusting harder and more rapidly, while squeezing her pussy tighter than ever before, and a moment later she came once again, with a long, loud wail.

That's when the idea hit me. After all, as I said, we'd been thinking about new sex partners. Tracy was still coming down from her orgasm as I whispered to her, "I think this is our chance. I dare you to fuck these guys. What do you say?"

Tracy gasped, partly with surprise and partly, I was sure, with further excitement. But then she smiled at me, saying, "Not until you squirt inside me once more." With that she began riding me again, this time like a woman possessed, as the guys outside stood there and gaped. It wasn't long before I blew my load, with Tracy milking my shaft for all it was worth as she too climaxed again.

When she finished shaking, Tracy twisted her body around to look out the window at the watching men. "Oh fuck, look at those tits!" one of them gasped as she faced them.

Tracy smiled at them then. "Would you guys like some pussy too?" she asked them.

The taller of the two guys didn't hesitate. "Fuck, yeah!" he replied, tossing his beverage on the ground as he moved toward the door. Tracy disengaged from me and quickly crawled over the seatback to the rear of the car. She lay down on the back seat and spread her legs wide, so that her left foot was resting on the seatback,

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while her right one was up on the rear window deck. The guy who had spoken up opened the door, but gave me a nervous look before getting in.

"It's okay," I told him. "She wants it. Give it to her."

With that the guy crawled into the back of the car and immediately began pulling off his pants. When Tracy saw his hard cock she moaned, "Oh baby, put that thing inside me. My pussy is hungry for more cock!"

The guy moved between her splayed legs and used his right hand to guide his cock to her wet slit. He gave a quick push, and Tracy cried out, "Oh yeah, baby, fuck me!" He then started driving into my wife like a

"The guy moved between her splayed legs and used his right hand to guide his cock to her wet slit. He then started driving into my wife like a wild man, as Tracy wrapped her legs around his ass"

wild man as Tracy wrapped her legs around his ass.

"God you're so fucking tight!" he moaned as he pounded away.

The car was soon filled with the sounds of Tracy's squishing pussy, her

moans of pleasure and the guy's lust-filled grunts. Tracy kept urging him to fuck her as he jackhammered away at her pussy. The guy didn't last more than three minutes, and when he came inside her she howled as her

own orgasm swept through her body. She clawed at his back like a wildcat for nearly a minute before her legs fell limply away from him. The guy then pulled out of her and pulled his pants back up.

As soon as he got out of the car he was pushed aside by the second guy, who was eagerly waiting his turn. Inside the car, he dropped his jeans and shorts in one quick motion, and out fell a hard cock that was at least as long and as thick as mine. Tracy moaned with approval. "Your turn, baby," she purred. "Fuck my pussy while my husband watches."

The guy got between her legs and ran his cock over her slit several times. My sex-hungry wife grabbed his ass in an unsuccessful attempt to pull him inside her. "Not so fast, beautiful," he said to her. "I want to enjoy this moment." He continued running his dick up and down her pussy, causing Tracy to whimper several times and plead with him to enter her.

Finally he slid into her with a grunt, and she cried out, "Oh God, your dick feels good! Oh God fuck me!"

The guy pushed deeper into her, and then leaned down and started to suck on her left tit. Tracy moaned and pushed both her tits harder against his face as he started thrusting slowly and deeply inside her. Her left leg dropped to the floorboard, and she used it to help thrust her pussy upward at this stranger's cock. His strokes were slower than his friend's had been. That first guy had simply fucked her, while this one almost seemed to be making love.

I watched as the guy continued to suck on her tits and nipples as he took her, and in the faint light I saw that he was giving her a bunch of hickeys. Tracy kept crying out about how good his cock felt inside her, and calling for him to fuck her harder. A couple of minutes later she again cried out as her body began to shake violently. She pulled the guy's head even more

tightly against the tit he was sucking on as she came.

He lasted for almost 10 minutes after that, during which he brought Tracy to two more very strong orgasms. The car was now filled with the scent of sex. Finally he let out a growl as he rammed his cock deep inside her and held it there, grinding his pubic bone against her clit until he had finished coming. Then he kissed her, a long, open-mouth kiss with a lot of tongue action.

When he pulled out of her, Tracy surprised me still more by getting on her knees and sucking his dick like a sex-starved whore until he was hard again; at which point she got on her back and he fucked her to three more screeching climaxes before blasting another load deep inside her womb.

"Oh, thank you," Tracy gasped out when he finally withdrew. "I'll always remember being fucked here!"

The guy quickly pulled up his pants. "Thanks, man," he said as he got out of the car. "Your wife is the wildest piece of ass I've ever had!"

The two guys then hurried off, and Tracy crawled back into the front seat and sat down next to me. "Wow! That was unbelievable!" she panted, and then proceeded to give me the most passionate kiss of my life. Her hand went to my crotch, and when she felt how hard my dick was she moaned into my mouth.

When we broke the kiss, Tracy squeezed my throbbing tool as she purred. "Take me home, honey, while I suck you off."

As I put the car in gear, she dropped down and started sucking my cock like a vacuum cleaner. It took only 10 minutes to get to our home, but on the way I passed several truckers, who blew their horns in appreciation as they saw my nearly naked wife blowing me. Each time they did, Tracy moaned around my dick, knowing that someone had just seen what she was doing.

After that we went back to that drive-in two more times before it finally closed, and Tracy fucked a different guy each time. The first time she met the guy while buying some drinks at the concession stand. She took him back to our car and fucked him in the back seat for almost an hour. His cock was extremely thick and long, and I had to roll the windows up because she was screaming like crazy the whole time he fucked her.

The second guy had an average-sized dick, but she still had two orgasms as he fucked her pussy. After he came she swung her body around and sucked his slick cock back to life, then remained on her hands and knees so he could fuck her ass. She diddled her clit as he did so, bringing herself to three more orgasms and screaming with joy the whole time he was driving into her butt.

Since then Tracy has become even blatant about showing herself off. Her skirts have gotten shorter and her blouses more sheer, so that she can flash her pussy and tits at guys wherever we go. Her wanton exhibitionism continues to turn me on also, as do her frequent sexual hookups with strangers. When I suggested writing this letter, she just smiled and told me to be sure not to leave anything out.—*K.J., Arlington, Virginia*

IF HER HUSBAND CAN CHEAT, SO CAN SHE—WITH A LITTLE COAXING

When I found proof among his credit-card receipts that my husband of 23 years had been cheating on me for a year with his secretary, the first thing I did was to call my friend JoAnn, who I knew had gone down that path with her own SOB ex. She ordered me to come over immediately so she could cheer me up.

When I got there she poured us drinks and began commiserating with me. But after a while she declared that moping wouldn't do any good, and that what I needed was to go out and

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enjoy myself. It turned out she'd been invited to a party that night, and she said I should come along. I protested that I wasn't dressed for a party, but JoAnn said I could borrow something of hers, and she wouldn't take no for an answer.

Now I am a bit taller and bustier than JoAnn, and the cocktail dress she picked out for me more than emphasized that fact. What was a generous amount of cleavage and bare leg for her was scandalous on me. I told her there was no way I could go out like that, but she assured me I didn't have to worry, as it was just a small party at the home of a friend. I was still reluctant, but in the end I found myself in JoAnn's car as she drove us to the party.

There were a number of cars parked around the house when we got there, and music was blaring from inside. The door was answered by a young man who looked to be 18 or 19. His eyes bugged out when he saw JoAnn. "Wow!" he exclaimed. "I can't believe you came!"

JoAnn smiled at him. "I wouldn't have missed it for the world, Kit," she told him. "And I brought you another guest." As she introduced me I was aware of his eyes boldly checking me out, though I couldn't really blame him, given the way I was dressed.

When we got inside, I was shocked to discover that all the other guests seemed to be around Kit's age. When I asked JoAnn what was going on, she said not to worry, all of them were at least 18. I said that wasn't the point. What the heck we were doing there?

She then told me that Kit was a friend of her son, and that she had run into him at a store the other day. He'd let slip that his folks were out of town and he was throwing a party, and had then said that she was invited. When I protested again, she said soothingly, "Okay, let's just stay awhile, have a few drinks, and then if we're bored we can leave."



"Soon his hands were roaming freely over her most intimate areas. Rather than chastising him, she returned the favor, and soon they were rubbing against each other quite lewdly"

I said fine, but I wasn't happy about it, at least until I got a few beers inside me. I'm not a big drinker, so that kind of relaxed me. As I drank, I noticed that there were a lot more guys than girls at the party, and I was getting a lot of lustful looks. In spite of my revealing dress, I didn't really think that guys this young would be that interested in a 43-year-old woman; but I was not only ogled, I was "accidentally" brushed up against at least a dozen times in the first half-hour.

When a sandy-haired guy introduced himself as Earl and asked me if I wanted to dance, I of course refused, feeling that just being there was inappropriate enough. But when Kit, the host, asked JoAnn to dance, she surprised me by accepting with alacrity. Soon his hands were roaming freely over her most intimate areas. Rather than chastising him, she returned the favor, and soon they were rubbing against each other quite lewdly.

A different guy took her over for the

next dance, picking up where Kit had left off, and I found myself almost envying how much she was enjoying herself. When she started dancing with a third guy, I turned to Earl and told him I'd changed my mind.

I've never been much of a dancer, but these young people were mostly just grinding their bodies together, so I did what they were doing, and so did Earl. I knew I should be embarrassed at my behavior, but the fact was that his hard body rubbing against mine felt unbelievably good.

After a couple of dances another guy cut in, introducing himself as George. Not only did he rub his body against mine, but his hands were even bolder than Kit's with JoAnn. I should have said something, but again, everyone was doing it, so I let him continue.

When the next dance started I found myself dancing with two guys, one black and one white. They sandwiched me between them so I couldn't go anywhere—not that I wanted to! The black guy's name was Aaron, the white guy was Wilbur, and both made heavy contact with my tits and ass. I don't know if it was that or the beer, but I was definitely getting aroused. Although I couldn't forget how young they were, I couldn't ignore how great-looking they were either.

I needed a break, and when the dance was over I went to sit down on a couch. Aaron and Earl joined me there, one on either side, with Wilbur and George standing nearby. JoAnn was in a love seat across from us, all but snuggling with Kit. I was aware of the guys looking down the top of my dress, checking out my tits, which were barely contained by the material, but I pretended not to notice.

As the drinks continued to flow, JoAnn and Kit began making out hot and heavy. I was stunned. After all, that boy was the same age as her son. Still, they did seem to be enjoying themselves. Again I felt a pang of envy—and then I became aware that

Aaron and Earl were running their hands up my legs. I knew I should stop them, but it felt so nice! Soon their hands were under my short dress, brushing against my panties. But when one of those hands slid inside them and touched my pussy, I quickly got up and moved away.

JoAnn and Kit had suddenly disappeared, and I went in search of them, meaning to insist that JoAnn and I leave right now. As I moved through the room, things seemed to be heating up everywhere. One girl had stripped to bra and panties as she danced; another was making out with two guys.

Not finding JoAnn, I went upstairs. As I passed by a bedroom, I heard a noise and looked in. There I saw JoAnn, bent over the edge of the bed, stark naked, while Kit fucked her royally from behind. Shocked as I was, I was also taken aback by the look of delight on her face. My mind whirled, and I realized that my pussy was wet.

Standing there watching, I became vaguely aware of hands fondling my tits and ass, and I turned to see that my former dance partners had followed me upstairs and were standing alongside me, watching. Wilbur, the one playing with my breasts, smiled at me, saying, "It sure looks like they're having a good time in there."

"We could show you one too," Aaron chimed in.

I was lost. I didn't say a word as they led me to another bedroom. They sat me on the bed and began to take turns kissing me. I responded tentatively at first, then more eagerly, and soon I was kissing them back with a hunger to match their own. It was as though their passion had thrown a switch in my head.

The straps of my dress were pushed down, baring my tits. The boys laid me on my back and licked and sucked them furiously. My husband hadn't done that in years, and having two mouths on them at once

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was more enjoyable than I had thought possible.

Someone lifted the bottom of my dress and pulled my panties off. My legs were spread apart, and a tongue buried itself up my pussy. I raised my head enough to see George's face buried in my crotch. He sure knew how to eat pussy! The three mouths on my body soon had me squirming.

While Wilbur sucked hard on my nipples, Aaron stripped himself naked, then moved Wilbur out of the way and straddled my chest, resting his cock in the valley of my breasts. He then pressed them together and began to tit-fuck me. It was quite a sight, his black cock moving in and out of my pale globes. With each upstroke the head of it rubbed my chin, and when it came within reach of my mouth I sucked at it, making him groan.

George's tongue withdrew from my pussy, but a moment later a cock slammed into it. Since I couldn't see past Aaron, I had no idea whose it

was. While his rod seemed about the same length as my husband's, it was thicker, stretching my pussy wider than anyone had stretched it before. The forceful penetration made me climax. I bucked so hard that it almost threw Aaron off, but he maintained his perch and only missed a couple of strokes before going back to fucking my tits, while the guy in my pussy began pounding away, and soon blasted his load inside me.

Someone else picked up where he left off, but I couldn't see him either. Then Aaron shouted out that he was coming. His first couple of shots hit me on the face before I wrapped my lips around his cockhead and sucked down the rest. When he rose from my chest, I saw that it was Wilbur fucking me. I noticed George stroking a thick limp dick, trying to get it hard again, so I figured he must have been the one who had given me that first delightful fuck.

that he cut loose and pounded me good and hard until we both came.

It went on like that for at least another hour, until it all became just a delicious blur. I can't tell you exactly who did what to me during the rest of that time, but I know I climaxed more times than I could count, and that I had no desire for it to end, until I was so wiped out that I guess I fell asleep.

I woke up to find JoAnn shaking me, telling me it was time to go. I felt disoriented, my pussy leaking sperm and my dress—JoAnn's dress—wrinkled beyond belief. With JoAnn's help I managed to clean up a little, and we made our way past recumbent bodies, fucking couples and various group gropes on our way to the door.

As we drove off, JoAnn confessed that she had expected us to get fucked, but hadn't thought it would be anything like that. I told her not to worry, because I'd just had the best time of my life.

"Someone lifted the bottom of my dress and pulled my panties off. My legs were spread apart, and a tongue buried itself up my pussy. The three mouths on my body soon had me squirming"

Wilbur didn't hold anything back, and now that no one was on my chest I started fucking him in return, wrapping my legs around him and arching my hips to meet each stroke. After a few minutes he came with a shout, filling my pussy with his sperm.

As I was catching my breath, Earl came into view. He was even longer than Aaron, and nearly as thick as George. He repositioned me on my hands and knees and fed me his cock from behind. He started out slowly, until he brought me to climax. After

Now I don't care who my husband fucks, because I know that there's plenty of cock out there for me as well—young, old and in between.—
Name and address withheld

THEY LOVED LEATHER AND EACH OTHER, POSSIBLY IN THAT ORDER

I was sitting in the discipline chair in our combination bedroom and playroom, virtually naked. My cock strap was attached to the base of my flaccid dick, and to my scrotum. My legs were sheathed in black leather chaps, my



face was concealed under a black leather mask. Sensuous music was playing loudly on the sound system.

After a few minutes my ravishing wife Diana sauntered into the room, and commenced to dance to the music. Diana's voluptuous figure was also adorned with black leather. A tight bra of that material restricted her bodacious boobs, but created a deep cleavage that would make any man stiffen in response. Even in their confinement, her tits jiggled with her erotic movements, and her full round buttocks jiggled also around the straps of her black leather thong. More straps criss-crossed her shapely legs, securing her gladiator sandals to her pedicured feet. She was a vision of pure eroticism, and the eyeglasses she wore only added to that vision, giving her the appearance of a naughty librarian, a salacious teacher, or the wanton yet successful young lawyer that she is.

That lawyer now removed her black

leather bra to unleash her porcelain boobs, and as she did so my flaccid cock quickly morphed into a black Mandingo-like erection. (Yes, I should make it clear that I am black, while my sweet wife and lover is Caucasian.) A moment later she shimmied out of her miniscule thong, revealing her neatly shaved pussy. The sight of my wife naked did nothing to diminish my still growing hard-on.

Diana smiled as she strolled over to me, her enticing eyes taking in every inch of my throbbing black phallus. When she reached me she slowly straddled my legs, then wrapped her delicate fingers around my prodigious shaft to guide it into her snug, rapidly moistening pussy. She raised her face to me as she did this, and we kissed passionately. My fingers eagerly caressed her firm thrusting boobs, and I sucked on her erect pink nipples as though I were a nursing infant. Diana shuddered in response and gave a loud moan as she sank down

over me, taking me in to the hilt.

My impassioned wife now began to bounce up and down on my straining shaft, and as she did so she slid one hand down between her legs to stimulate her protruding clitoris. I reached for the string of lubricated beads I had concealed in the chair and, reaching around her, I began to insert them into her tight asshole. She gasped loudly, but did not stop riding me, the pace of our copulation only increasing.

The musky aroma of my wife's aroused pussy combined with the distinctive scent of the leather to create a lusty aphrodisiac as Diana's moans and groans echoed through the room. After a while I instructed her to wrap her arms around my sturdy neck, and as she did so I gripped her by her shapely porcelain thighs and stood up, taking her with me and thrusting every inch of my straining tool into her pussy while she clung to me with her arms and legs. In this position my cock strap struck her swollen clitoris



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repeatedly, pain and pleasure comingling to galvanize her even more. Perspiration poured from our bodies as we fucked like wild animals until we both came. At that point I pulled the beads from Diana's spasming ass, intensifying her climax even more. Then we collapsed, still coming, to the floor.—*Name and address withheld*

HIS WIFE'S LONG AFFAIR WITH HIS FRIEND HAS SOME NICE BENEFITS

When I was in college my best friend Max and I were both in love with a pretty blonde girl named Moira, a hot little number who fucked both of us every chance she got. But Max dropped out of school before graduation and moved away, and Moira and I ended up getting married.

One day about a year later, Moira told me that Max had called her and said he would like to come back and see us that weekend. Moira had said that would be nice, but that I wouldn't be there, as my reserve unit was training that weekend. She also told him there would be no sex, as she was now a respectable married woman. Max agreed, saying he just wanted to talk and catch up on old times.

Max was due to show up about four o'clock that Friday, and by three o'clock Moira had to change her panties, as hers were soaked just from thinking about him. He showed up at four, and five minutes afterward Moira was flat on her back, stark naked, with his nine-inch cock in her pussy.

Moira told me much later that they fucked off and on all night, and never got out of bed except to use the bathroom. She claimed he fucked her 17 times that weekend, before finally leaving around noon on Sunday.

When I got home Sunday night I kind of thought something was going on, but I decided she would tell me when she wanted to. Well, that took a long time. I later found out that after that, every time I was gone over the weekend, Max would be at my house

with his big cock inside my wife.

This went on for a couple of years, until my reserve unit was called up. I then spent a year overseas, while Max continued to spend almost every weekend in bed with Moira. He even got a divorce from his wife, so he could spend still more time with her. But then Max got a job New York City and had to move across the country.

When I got back home, Moira finally broke down and told me about her long affair with Max. Of course I was pissed, but actually I should have been glad she'd been fucking him, because he seemed to have turned her back into the sex-crazy girl she'd been in college. I got laid any time I wanted, and I even got to fuck her in the ass, which she would never let me do before.

Once she started telling me about Max, she told me everything. She said that every time he'd gotten in bed with her he'd tried to get her to let him fuck her in the ass. She said he finally persuaded her to let him try to get just the head of his cock in her rear, but he'd only gotten a little bit in when she tightened up and made him stop. This happened several times, until one night his cockhead popped inside. She had let him keep it there for a minute, but had then pulled away again.

But it hadn't felt as bad as she'd thought, and the next time he fucked her she asked him if he wanted to try her ass again, and of course he did. It took a long time, but he managed to work himself inside her until his balls were up against her pussy. When he asked her if she was all right, Moira just told him to shut up and fuck her.

Moira would never tell me how many times he screwed her ass, but I guess it was enough, because when I got home I got an ass fuck the very first night. So thanks, Max—I guess.—*N.R., San Diego, California*

Life, like sex, is an uncertain business. You never know what you're going to

find out when you venture into it, just as you never know what you might find in our Carnalcopia section, which includes a little bit of everything. You might even find your letter there. Of course you'll have to send it to us first. Do that by addressing it to: *Penthouse Letters*, Dept. CC, 20 Broad Street, 14th Floor, New York, NY 10005. Or e-mail your letter to: letters@ffn.com

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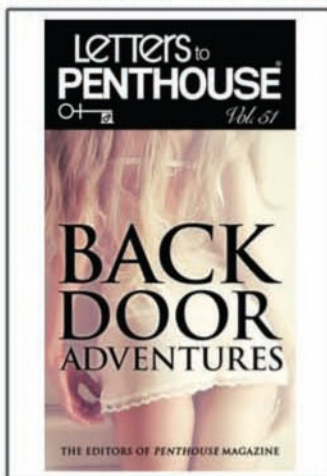
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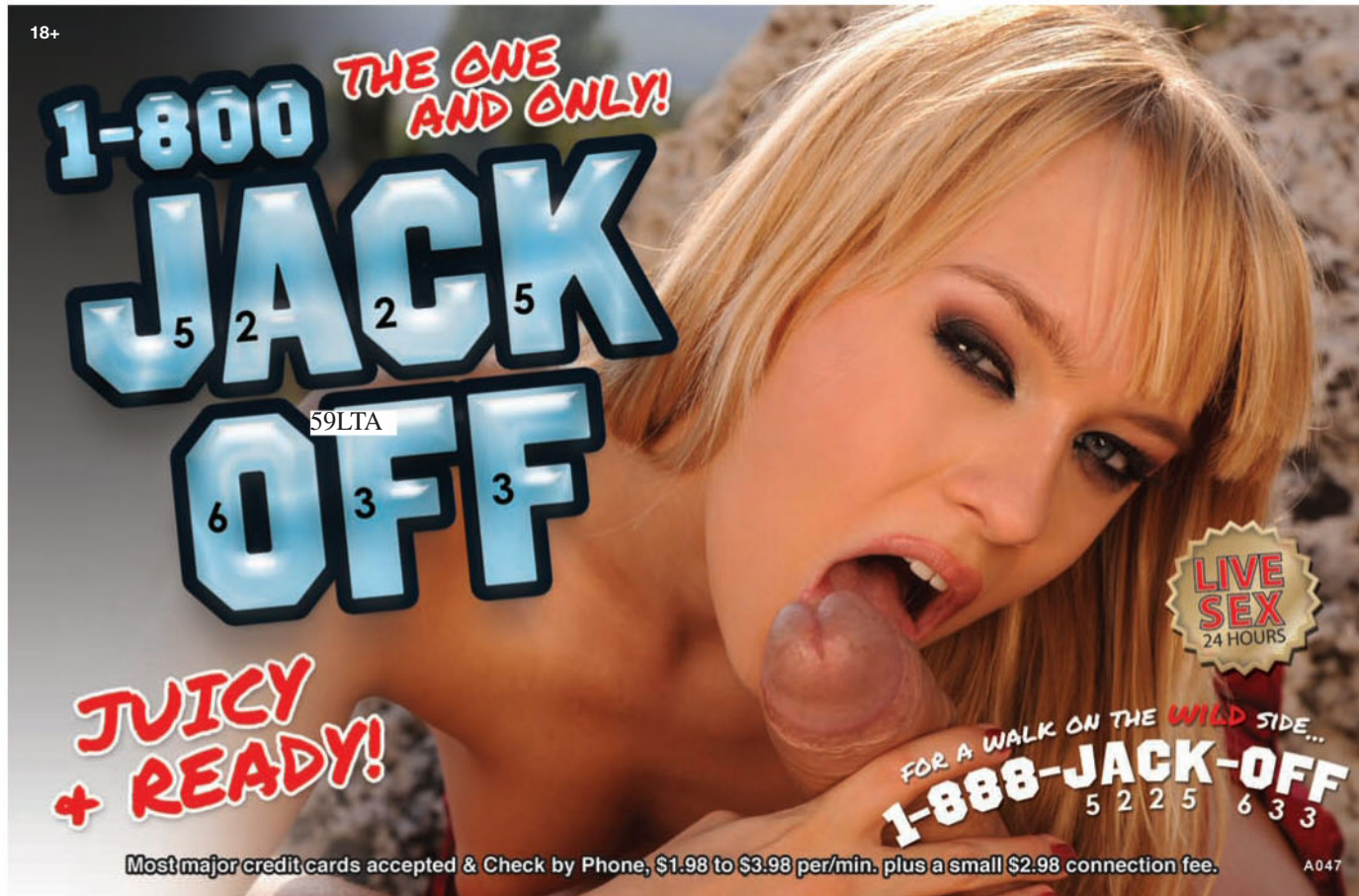
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R U KINKY?

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A026

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A024

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A030

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59LTA

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A021 *At least 18 yrs of age. 59LTA / adults 18+ only

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PHONE SEX

\$10

LIVE 1 ON 1

1-800-574-0915

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